

THE
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THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE,
CONTAINING
SELECTIONS
FROM
FOREIGN REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES,
OF SUCH
ARTICLES

AS ARE MOST VALUABLE, CURIOUS, OR ENTERTAINING.

“The wheat from these publications should, from time to time, be
winnowed, and the chaff thrown away.”

EXTERNO ROBORE CRESCIT. CLAUD.

VOLUME II.

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ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

FOR JULY, 1813:

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Junius : including Letters of the same writer under other signatures, (now first collected.) To which are added, his confidential correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. With a Preliminary Essay, Notes, Fac-similes, &c.

[From the Eclectic Review, for February, 1813.]

ANY general observations, that might be not impertinently made on the writings of Junius, will more properly follow than precede a somewhat particular and extended notice of this edition, the announcement of which will have strongly excited the curiosity of many of our readers. And it is a signal testimony to the eminence of the powers displayed in these letters, that, at the distance of nearly half a century from their first coming forth; that after a great number of subsequent political censors have had each

his share of attention, and perhaps admiration, and are now in a great measure forgotten; and that in times like the present, superabounding with strange events, and flagrant examples of political depravity of their own—they should still hold such a place in public estimation, that the appearance of an edition enlarged and illustrated from the store of materials left by the original publisher, will be regarded as an interesting event in the course of our literature. An interest that has thus continued to subsist in vigour after the loss of all temporary stimulants, and that is capable of so lively an excitement, at this distant period by a circumstance tending to make us a little better acquainted with the author's character, and to put us in more complete possession of his writings, gives assurance that this memorable work may maintain its fame to an indefinite period, and will go down with that portion of our literature, which, in the language of pride and poetry, we call immortal. All will now agree in opinion with the present editor, that it was not vanity in the writer himself to avow a confidence of being read by a remote generation, avoiding, however, to assign, as the strongest foundation of that confidence, his superlative execution; but assuredly this claim to perpetuity was not far from his thoughts, when he mentioned only the principles of his work as the ground of his expectation; "When kings and ministers," he said, "are forgotten, when the force and direction of personal satire is no longer understood, and when measures are felt only in their remotest consequences, this book will, I believe, be found to contain principles worthy to be transmitted to posterity."

The letters published with the signature of Junius constitute very considerably less than half of the present work. It begins with a Preliminary Essay of 160 pages; next are Private Letters to the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall, the publisher of the Public Advertiser, extending through nearly 100 pages; and these are followed by a private correspondence between Junius and Mr. Wilkes, occupying full 70 pages. Then come the well known Letters, reaching to within 60 or 70 pages of the end of the second volume. This last portion of the second volume, and the whole of the third, are occupied by "Miscellaneous Letters of Junius," which appeared under various signatures, chiefly in the Public Advertiser, before and during the appearance of those of Junius, and most of them verified by internal or circumstantial evidence to be by the same hand. Thus the publication assumes the merit of being, as far as there are any means or chance of accomplishing, a recovery and collection of the entire printed works of the author of Junius's Letters, and challenges the grateful favour of the public, for a service of so much more interesting a kind than it can often happen to a private individual to have the power of conferring.

Every reader will eagerly fall upon the Preliminary Essay. And doubtless it will afford much to gratify all its readers—but will not be quite satisfactory to any one of them. It is much more valuable than the endeavours of former writers on the same subject; and supplies information which probably no other person than the editor had the means of communicating; but it leaves us surmising and complaining that he has not communicated all he must possess. He tempts us to suspect that he is quite willing to keep the shrine of this mysterious object of idolatry in a measure of its darkness, that he may himself look the larger by standing a little way within the shade. In pursuing the inquiry, Who was Junius? there appears a sort of affectation of arguing the question on the ground only of public evidence, or general probabilities, in one or two instances where we cannot help flattering him (and he doubtless wishes to be so flattered) by something near a belief that, in consequence of information received from his father, he could have adduced, if he had pleased, the more direct evidence of authority.

The Essay begins with some notice of that state of political affairs in the time of Junius which required such a writer, and justified his severity. Those times are briefly contrasted, in a political view, with the present. And this contrast gives a curious example of the benefit derived from the study and admiration of Junius. For it represents that the English Constitution (meaning, as far as we can comprehend, *that* constitution of which it is of the very essence, according to all the old books, that there should be a real, uncorruptly elected representation of the people) was at that time in extreme peril, and is at this time in triumphant security! With a mighty burst of grand-sounding words, (which will remind no one, we hope, of the din and the clang made by the Brahmins round the pile of a perishing victim,) this constitution is put in rivalry “with the pyramids of Egypt.” How much it is to be deplored that Junius could not have lived and retained all his powers to this happy time, to show us what those powers, so sovereign in the exposure of wickedness, and the prophecy of calamity, could perform in the way of eulogy and congratulation.

Some pages are employed in observations on the prominent distinctions of the celebrated letters; in acknowledging and excusing the excessive acrimony, the appearance of personal enmity, too visible in some parts of them; in describing the alarm and dismay they created among public offenders, up to the very highest order; and in asserting their beneficial operation, even to the present times, by the effect they had in determining some important questions respecting popular rights, especially the right of juries to consider the question of law as well as of fact. Then comes the inquiry which, even at this distance of time, retains so much of its

interest, who was Junius? And it is curious to observe, how populous would be the national Pantheon if all those who fancy themselves to be acquainted with individuals of supereminent talents, might be allowed to place in the assembly their respective idols. For we have here a list of no less than fourteen cotemporaries, each of whom has been believed, by many persons or by few, to be no other and no less than Junius. And this list does not include either Horne Tooke or Lord Chatham, to each of whom, however absurdly in the case of the former at least, some slight degree of suspicion has transiently attached. In the editor's opinion, all question relative to Lord Chatham would inevitably be set aside by the severe hostility manifested against that statesman, about the time of his obtaining a pension and title, in several letters signed Poplicola and Anti-Sejanus, sent to the Public Advertiser more than a year before the commencement of the series signed Junius, and which letters the editor inserts with a confident affirmation of their being by the same writer, and of their being the first received from him—an affirmation made in such terms that we conclude Mr. W. is warranted by more direct evidence than that afforded by the style and spirit of the letters. He might, however, just as well have said so. Any surmise of Lord Chatham's being the writer, would be repressed also by the expressions of dislike to him in one of Junius's private communications to the printer, and by the slow and suspicious manner in which Junius suffered his lordship to grow considerably into his favour during the course of his letters.

The following are the names of the persons for whom pretensions have been made, and several of whom, it seems, would have been meanly gratified by their being admitted: Mr. Charles Lloyd, Mr. John Roberts, Mr. Samuel Dyer, Mr. Burke, Mr. W. G. Hamilton, commonly called Single Speech, Dr. Butler, Bishop of Hereford, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, General Lee, Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Hugh Boyd, Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, Mr. Flood, and Lord George Sackville. And the whole of the list appears to be included without ceremony in this sweeping sentence of the editor. "While he does not undertake to communicate the real name of Junius, he pledges himself to prove, from incontrovertible evidence, afforded by the private letters of Junius himself during the period in question, in connexion with other documents, that not one of these pretenders has ever had the smallest right to the distinction which some of them have ardently coveted." But this is very carelessly expressed; for there is one of the persons enumerated whose claims he has by no means invalidated, and evidently does not think he has: indeed he himself says "the evidence is indecisive."

A numerous series of notices and hints which he justly de-

scribes as "desultory," and which he plainly affirms to contain "the whole that the writer has been able to collect concerning the author of the Letters," authorizes, he thinks, the rejection of every claimant that does not answer to the following description.

"From the observations contained in this essay, it should seem to follow unquestionably that the author of the Letters of JUNIUS was an Englishman of highly cultivated education, deeply versed in the language, the laws, the constitution, and history of his native country: that he was a man of easy, if not affluent circumstances, of unsullied honour and generosity, who had it equally in his heart and in his power to contribute to the necessities of other persons, and especially of those who were exposed to troubles on his account: that he was in habits of confidential intercourse, if not with different members of the cabinet, with politicians who were most intimately familiar with the court, and intrusted with all its secrets: that he had attained an age which would allow him, without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge and experience of the world: that during the years 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, and part of 1772, he resided almost constantly in London, or its vicinity, devoting a very large portion of his time to political concerns, and publishing his political lucubrations, under different signatures, in the Public Advertiser; that in his natural temper he was quick, irritable and impetuous; subject to political prejudices and strong personal animosities; but possessed of a high independent spirit; honestly attached to the principles of the constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them; that he was strict in his moral conduct, and in his attention to public decorum; an avowed member of the established church, and, though acquainted with English judicature, not a lawyer by profession." Preliminary Essay, p. 97.

This descriptive and historical sketch presents, to be sure, but few very marked points: the greater portion of it is easily drawn from the letters already before the public: some of the personal qualities are assumed on very slight authority: but the almost constant residence in or near London during the specified period, the strangely intimate acquaintance with the court and cabinet, the independence of the author's situation in life, and his honourable and generous disposition, are clearly manifested in his private correspondence with Woodfall. The two latter particulars are evident by his steady refusal, in a cool and easy manner, of any share of the emolument arising from the publication of the letters collectively, of which he was urged by Woodfall to accept a moiety, and by his voluntary pledge to indemnify this courageous printer for any pecuniary injury he might sustain in case of a prosecution. It is true it may be said he was not put to the test on this point; but there is an unaffected air of dignity and sincerity in his assurances which leaves no room for doubt.

Having laid down the law of qualifications, the editor proceeds to the trial of claims; and he makes very short work with the majority of them.

“Of the first three of these reported authors of the letters, it will be sufficient to observe, without entering into any other fact whatever, that Lloyd (a clerk of the treasury, and afterwards a deputy teller of the exchequer) was on his death-bed at the date of the last of Junius’s private letters, an essay which has sufficient proof of having been written in the possession of full health and spirits. While as to Roberts and Dyer, they had both been dead for many months anterior to this period.”

A quick and final negative is put on any pretensions of Dr. Butler, Mr. Rosenhagen, and Wilkes. Indeed it was the idlest absurdity ever to mention the name of this last personage in this relation. The very positive declaration reported by an American friend of General Lee to have been made by that officer that he was the author of the Letters, leads the editor into some length and particularity of examination, the result of which perfectly falsifies the pretension. It is proved by a comparison of the dates of some of Lee’s letters, published in a memoir of him, with those of the letters of Junius, that Lee was precisely no further from Woodfall’s press than Poland, during the months in which some of the first of Junius’s letters, though under a different signature, were appearing in the Public Advertiser. And it appears that he was rambling, with a peculiarly restless haste, somewhere on the Continent, during the time that those with the signature of Junius were appearing, sometimes at very short intervals, and accompanied by the underplot of a private correspondence with the printer, of a kind which indicates the interchange of notices, sometimes within a few hours, by conveyances to and from the bar of this or the other coffee-house. It is proved besides, from letters of Lee, that he was of opinions directly opposite to those of Junius, relative to some of the leading political men and measures of the times.

Mr. Single-Speech Hamilton has not hitherto, we believe, been absolutely and totally dismissed from all surmise of relationship to Junius; though, it seems, he constantly and even warmly disclaimed it himself, and though some of his most partial friends have disclaimed it for him. But is it not mightily curious and amusing, to hear both him and them sincerely protesting that the letters of Junius are of inferior ability and elegance to what said Single-Speech would have written! Should there be any persons, since the decease of Mr. Malone, still surviving to resent, for Hamilton’s sake, a suspicion so disparaging to his talents, they may have the satisfaction of a full assurance that he was not Junius. In addition to arguments drawn by Mr. Malone from Hamilton’s

having never been a zealous censurer of any political party or individual statesman—from his not having Junius's "minute commissarial knowledge of petty military matters"—from the dissimilarity of his style and figures to those of the mysterious letter-writer, &c.—it is observed,

"—— that Hamilton filled the office of chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland, from September, 1763, to April, 1787, during the very period in which all the letters of Junius appeared, and it will not very readily be credited by any one that this is likely to have been the exact quarter from which the writer of the letters in question fulminated his severe criminations against government. The subject moreover of parliamentary reform, for which Junius was so zealous an advocate, Mr. Malone expressly tells us was considered by Hamilton to be of 'so dangerous a tendency, that he once said to a friend, now living, that he would sooner suffer his right hand to be cut off than vote for it.'"

The only thing that fixed the suspicion on Hamilton, Mr. Woodfall observes, was his having "on a certain morning told the Duke of Richmond the substance of a letter of Junius, which he pretended to have just read in the Public Advertiser, but which, on consulting the Public Advertiser, was found not to appear there, an apology instead being offered for its postponement till the next day, when the letter thus previously adverted to by Hamilton did actually make its appearance." This fact, the editor informs us, was told him by the late Duke of Richmond himself; and he considers it as explained with a perfect probability by supposing that, as Hamilton was acquainted with the late Mr. Woodfall, and used to call sometimes at his office, the letter in question had been read to him, or its substance recited, by Mr. W. It is worth adding, that the fac-similes show not the slightest resemblance between the handwriting of Hamilton and of Junius.

What is humiliation to one man is matter of ambition to another. If the vanity of Mr. Single-Speech, and the folly of some of his friends, had so bubbled the estimate of his talents, as to make it almost a *condescension* as well as disingenuousness to have accepted the imputation of being Junius, it should seem that Mr. Hugh Boyd was, by the same imputation, flattered out of all power of maintaining an honest and firm disavowal. Though very few could be persuaded of his identity with Junius, and though scarcely one professed to perceive in his acknowledged writings the indications of any such measure of talent as that habitually displayed by Junius; yet this identity has been so confidently maintained by at least three writers, that Mr. Woodfall has been induced to employ as many as twenty pages in disposing of the claim; and he has disposed of it for ever. Indeed it proves to have rested on the

most trivial presumptive circumstances, and to be capable of being invalidated in a greater variety of ways than the pretensions of almost any other of the claimants. We think this examination, perhaps, the best written part of the preliminary essay. It is impossible, however, to abridge it; and we shall content ourselves with transcribing one page which recapitulates a considerable part of the argument, in the form of showing what answer could have been made by the late Mr. Woodfall if he had chosen, to an impertinent personal address of Almon, one of the assertors of Boyd's claims, assuming that Mr. Woodfall could produce no negative evidence. To a challenge made in so uncivil a manner no reply was made.

"Woodfall well knew the handwritings of both Junius and Boyd, and was in possession of many copies of both; and knowing them he well knew they were different. He well knew that Junius was a man directly implicated in the circle of the court, and immediately privy to its most secret intrigues: and that Boyd was very differently situated, and that whatever information he collected was by circuitous channels alone; Junius he knew to be a man of affluence considerably superior to his own wants, refusing remunerations to which he was entitled, and offering reimbursements to those who suffered on his account; Boyd to be labouring under great pecuniary difficulties, and ready to accept whatever was offered him;* or, in the language of Mr. Almon, 'a broken gentleman without a guinea in his pocket.' Junius he knew to be a man of considerably more than his own age, who, from a long and matured experience of the world, was entitled to read him lessons in moral and prudential philosophy; Boyd to be at the same time a very young man, who had not even reached his majority, totally without plan, and almost without experience of any kind, who, in the prospect of divulging himself to Woodfall, could not possibly have written to him, 'After a long experience of the world, I affirm before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.' Boyd he knew to be an imitator and copyist of Junius; Junius to be no copyist of any man, and least of all of himself. Junius he knew to be a decided mixt-monarchy man, who opposed the ministry upon constitutional principles; Boyd to be a wild, random republican, who opposed them upon revolutionary views; Junius to be a writer who could not have adopted the signature of Democrates or Democraticus; Boyd a writer who could, and, we are told, did so, in perfect uniformity with his political creed. Woodfall, it is true, did not pretend to know Junius personally; but from his handwriting, his style of composition, age, politics, rank in life, and pecuniary affluence, he was perfectly assured that *Junius could not be Boyd.*" Preliminary Essay, p. 152.

* It appears that Boyd was in a kind of retreat in Ireland, in consequence of pecuniary distress and the fear of being arrested, at the very time that Junius refused to receive any share of the profits which had arisen from the sale of his collected letters.

The imputation of the letters to Mr. Dunning is very briefly discussed and dismissed. It is readily admitted there is a greater aggregate of presumptions in his favour. "His age, and rank in life, his talents and learning, his brilliant wit, and sarcastic habit, his common residence during the period in question, his political principles, attachments and antipathies," would concur to mark him as the man. But the editor is of opinion a few opposing facts are decisive. He thinks credit is due to the veracity of such a person as Junius must have been, when he almost gratuitously made the positive declaration, in his preface to the letters, "*I am no lawyer by profession.*" And this declaration is corroborated by several passages in his correspondence with Woodfall and Wilkes. To the latter he complains of the heavy disadvantage, imposed by the secret of his personality, of being debarred from "*consulting the learned,*" on legal or constitutional points. In another letter he says,

"The constitutional argument is obvious; I wish you to point out to me where you think the force of the *formal legal* argument lies. In pursuing such inquiries I lie under a singular disadvantage. Not venturing to consult those who are qualified to inform me, I am forced to collect every thing from books, or common conversation. The pains I took with that paper upon privilege, were greater than I can express to you. Yet, after I had blinded myself with poring over journals, debates, and parliamentary history, I was at last obliged to hazard a bold assertion, which I am now convinced is true, (as I really then thought it,) because it has not been disproved or disputed."

Toward the conclusion of the same long letter, there is a remarkable passage, which has the appearance of being prompted by truth and feeling; which at any rate seems, where it occurs, too little called for to be, with any sort of fairness, accounted falsehood and affectation. Having employed a particular word in the technical sense of law, he says, "Though I use the terms of art, do not injure me so much as to suspect I am a lawyer.—I had as lief be a Scotchman."

And then, too, when it is recollected that Dunning, who was solicitor-general at the time when these letters first appeared, had the character of "high unblemished honour, and high independent principles," the editor very reasonably pronounces that it "cannot be supposed he would have vilified the king while one of the king's confidential servants and counsellors." He might have added, that if the letters of Junius, both public and private, can be admitted to bear decisive evidence to any one quality in the moral temperament of the writer, it is an utter detestation of meanness and self-interested duplicity. We should think, besides, if it were allowable to hazard a judgment from the very slight specimens

we may have seen of Dunning's style, (so brilliantly described by Sir William Jones,) that a very considerable difference would have been apparent between compositions from his pen and these famous letters. We should have expected in a work from him more labour of subtle refinement—more artifice, and perhaps we may say quaint peculiarity of expression—a greater frequency of ingenious sparkles—less of what may be at least comparatively denominated a plain direct style of writing—a less sparingness, as if in disdain, of rhetorical device and ornament—a less uniformly sustained tone of bold austerity, and a much less decided clearness, in topics and phraseology, of any cast and colour of his profession.—It may be noticed here also that there is no sort of resemblance between the handwritings of Dunning and Junius.

But little having been attempted in support of any pretensions of Mr. Flood, the celebrated Irish orator, it is enough to say that the editor's argument of negation is equally brief and conclusive.

It is probable that but few of the persons inquisitive about this secret have now any suspicion of Burke. This suspicion, however, appears to have prevailed very extensively at the time the letters appeared; and the editor very properly entertains and examines the question. We think he proves the suspicion to be entirely devoid of probability.

"Burke could not have written in the style of Junius, which was precisely the reverse of his own; nor could he have consented to have disparaged his own talents in the manner in which Junius has disparaged them, in his letter to the printer of the Public Advertiser, Oct. 5, 1771.* Independently of which, he denied that he was the author of these letters, expressly and satisfactorily to Sir William Draper, who purposely interrogated him upon the subject; the truth of which denial is, moreover, corroborated by the testimony of the late Mr. Woodfall, who repeatedly declared that neither Hamilton nor Burke was the writer of these compositions."—"If, however, there should be readers so inflexible as still to believe that Mr. Burke was the real writer of the letters, and that his denial of the fact to Sir W. Draper was only wrung from him under the influence of fear, it will be sufficient to satisfy even such readers to show that the system of politics of the one was in direct opposition to that of the other on a variety of the most important points. Burke was a decided partisan of Lord Rockingham, and continued so during the whole of that nobleman's life: Junius, on

* The passage here referred to is comprised in one line. Junius has been representing, in a tone of moderation somewhat unusual to him, how very desirable it is that the disagreement and mutual repulsion of political men should not have the effect of depriving a good cause of the services which they might separately contribute to it, each in his own way; and having specified a few of the services which might be obtained, and should be accepted from several individuals of that time, he says, "I willingly accept a sarcasm from Colonel Barre, and a simile from Mr. Burke." To any reader of Junius it is quite unnecessary to observe that from *him* this was an expression of very pointed depreciation.

the contrary, was as decided a friend to Mr. George Grenville. Each was an antagonist to the other on the great subject of the American Stamp Act. Junius was a warm and powerful advocate for triennial parliaments: Burke an inveterate enemy to them. To which the editor may be allowed to add, that while Mr. Burke, in correcting his manuscripts for the press, and revising them in their passage through it, is notorious for the numerous alterations he was perpetually making, the copy with which the late Mr. Woodfall was furnished by Junius for the genuine edition of his letters contained very few amendments of any kind."

Another circumstance is mentioned by the editor as almost sufficient of itself, in the absence of all other evidence, to put an end to all doubt.

—"the prosecution which Mr. Burke instituted against Mr. Woodfall, the printer of the Public Advertiser, and conducted with the utmost acrimony, for a paper deemed libellous that appeared in this journal in the course of 1783. Considerable interest was made with Mr. Burke to induce him to drop this prosecution, in different stages of its progress, but he was inexorable. The cause was tried at Guildhall, July 15, 1784, and a verdict of a hundred pounds damages obtained against the printer; the whole of which was paid to the prosecutor. It is morally impossible that Junius could have acted in this manner; every anecdote in the preceding sketch of his public life forbids the belief that he could."

We are persuaded this will be the opinion of almost every reader of the private letters to Woodfall, which carry, in the most unaffected manner, so many indications of a respectful kindness, and of grateful approbation of the printer's courage and discretion; such proofs of concern for his safety, such marks of confidence in communicating information relative to secrets of state and the characters of great personages, when the communication could be useful in explaining the purpose of Junius, or regulating the conduct of the publisher; in short, so pleasing an appearance of something approaching a personal friendship between the two strangers, accompanied all the while by the involuntary signs of an exceedingly high-toned and independent character in the writer—that there is no believing this printer, maintaining, too, as he appears to have done, a profound respect and an inviolable discretion towards the mysterious author, should ever meet this lofty spirit on the inimical and sordid ground of prosecution and pecuniary damages.

The last in the list of suspected persons is Lord George Sackville. The brief statement of probabilities with respect to him is miserably unsatisfactory; and the more so as it is apparent the writer does not choose to say all he could say on the question; whether from an idea that the imposing dignity of Junius will be

lessened in proportion to the dissipation in any degree of the shade of mystery that surrounds him, or from a sort of coquettish disposition that wishes to be courted for further explanations, we pretend not to say. We may as well transcribe the little that is vouchsafed on the subject, at the same time professing ourselves ready to receive with all due sense of obligation any further information which he may be coaxed or provoked to communicate;—we say *provoked*, for undoubtedly his being flatly told that he *has* no more to communicate, would be the most likely expedient to make him disclose any thing he may have chosen yet to withhold.

“Let us proceed to the pretensions that have been offered on the part of Lord George Sackville. The evidence is somewhat indecisive even to the present hour. Sir W. Draper divided his suspicions between this nobleman and Mr. Burke, and upon the personal and unequivocal denial of the latter, he transferred them entirely to the former: and that Sir William was not the only person who suspected his lordship even from the first, is evident from the private letter of Junius, which asserts that Swinney had actually called on Lord Sackville, and taxed him with being Junius, to his face. This letter is, in fact, one of the most curious of the whole collection: if written by Lord G. Sackville, it settles the point at once; and, if not written by him, presupposes an acquaintance with his lordship's family, his sentiments and his connexions, so intimate as to excite no small degree of astonishment. Junius was informed of Swinney's having called upon Lord George a few hours after his call, and he knew that *before this time* he had never spoken to him in his life. It is certain, then, that Lord G. Sackville was early and generally suspected; that Junius knew him to be suspected, without denying (as in the case of the author of “*The Whig*,” &c.) that he was suspected *wrongfully*; [justly;] and that this nobleman, if not Junius himself, must have been in habits of close and intimate friendship with him. The talents of Lord George were well known and admitted, and his political principles led him to the same side of the question that was so warmly espoused by Junius. It is said, however, that on one occasion his lordship privately observed to a friend of his, ‘I should be proud to be capable of writing as Junius has done; but there are many passages in his letters I should be very sorry to have written.’ Such a declaration, however, is too general to be in any way conclusive: even Junius himself might, in a subsequent period, have regretted that he had written some of the passages that occur in his letters. In the case of his letter to Junia, we know he did, from his own avowal. It is nevertheless peculiarly hostile to the opinion in favour of Lord G. Sackville, that Junius should roundly have accused him of want of courage, as he has done in Vol. II. p. 491. The facts, however, are fairly before the reader, and he shall be left to the exercise of his own judgment.” P. 161.

In another part of the Essay, the subject is adverted to in these terms:

“The fact [Swinney’s calling on Lord G. S.] was true, and occurred but a day or two before the letter [private letter of Junius to Woodfall] was written: but how Junius, unless he had been Lord Sackville himself, should have been so acquainted with it, baffles all conjecture.” “In the Miscellaneous Letters, the reader will meet with a passage, pretty conclusively showing the little ground there ever was for any such opinion,” [as that Lord G. S. was Junius.]

The conclusive passage referred to, is in a paper which appeared in the Public Advertiser, October 22, 1767, and is attributed, by the editor, with sufficient probability, to Junius. It is a caustic satire, in the form of minutes of a grand council, on the subject of drawing up instructions to Lord Townsend on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The assembled statesmen know nothing at all about the matter; no instructions, nor even general basis of instructions, are determined on: and Lord T. is made to say at last, “I believe the best thing I can do will be to consult with my Lord George Sackville. His character is known and respected in Ireland as much as it is here; and I know he loves to be stationed in the *rear* as well as myself.” This is an allusion to the conduct of Lord George in the celebrated battle of Minden, in 1759, in which he commanded the right wing (consisting chiefly of the British, with some German cavalry) of Prince Ferdinand’s army. His lordship was accused of disobeying the prince’s orders for the quick advance of the cavalry, at a moment when a rapid charge would have ensured the almost entire capture or destruction of the French army, already in a state of complete rout. On his trial Lord Sackville produced very direct evidence that there was uncertainty and inconsistency in the orders, as announced to him by two aids-de-camp of the prince, and declared that the delay which constituted the alleged crime was purely an indispensable halt, till he could obtain a precise command from the general. On the other hand, there was equally positive evidence that the orders had been communicated to him in a manner sufficiently distinct; and on this evidence the military court dismissed his lordship from the service, in terms disqualifying him from ever being again admitted into it.—This affair is very significantly and bitingly alluded to in a letter signed Titus, which appeared in the Public Advertiser, in defence of the Marquis of Granby against Junius, as early as the third or fourth of Junius’s letters.

In whatever manner the cause of Lord G. Sackville was managed before the court-martial, it will certainly be the opinion of the reader, who is so obligingly left to form his own unbiassed judgment, that in the second trial of his lordship, on an arraignment for writing Junius’s letters, the case could not well have been more meagerly and evasively stated. Why does not the editor plainly tell the public

what his father, who must unquestionably have had an opinion, thought on the question? Why does he not relate some of those numerous small particulars, of fact and surmise, which must have occurred to his father's vigilance in the course of so many years that he lived, and so much discussion that he heard? Certainly we can well believe that respectable printer felt himself, to a considerable extent, as the phrase is, on honour; and restrained his curiosity from any modes of inquisition which his haughty and confiding correspondent would have regarded and resented as prying and impertinent, after he had decisively signified his wish and will to be unknown. But nevertheless it is plainly impossible that his mind should not have been, both during and long after the period of the correspondence, habitually on the watch for any indicative glimpses of the important stranger:—unless, indeed, he early acquired so confident an opinion as to who was the man, that he had no longer doubt enough to be curious. And it was just as impossible that to a mind thus prepared and prompt to catch any casual lights, in a situation too and with acquaintance like those of Mr. Woodfall, no limits and significant incidents should ever have occurred to guide or confirm conjecture. Now are we to suppose that the present editor and essayist was not deemed worthy of so much of his father's confidence as to be admitted to look through any of the little chinks and crevices of the secret; that his father would never either voluntarily relate to him any of the particulars which must have been so interesting to himself, or give an explicit answer to any of the hundreds of minute questions which the son must have had less curiosity than other mortals, if he did not ask? If we are not to make a supposition so little flattering to our essayist, we may very fairly repeat, as many readers will, the question, why are not whatever were deemed the most illustrative of these particulars freely given to the public at once? Why may not the public be now put in possession of all the probabilities that Mr. Woodfall judged himself to possess? For instance, in stating the question relatively to Lord George Sackville, why did not the editor say whether his father did not, at some time or other, in so many years, meet with any specimen of that nobleman's handwriting, and, if he did, what were his observations on comparing it with that of Junius? If he did ever meet with such a specimen, under circumstances allowing opportunity for a careful comparison, we need not say how far his deliberately avowed opinion as to the identity or diversity of the hands, would go toward a decision on his lordship's claims. It is even fair to ask why, when a fac-simile is given in the book of the handwriting of every other person for whom a plausible, and of several for whom no plausible pretension is stated to have been advanced, no such aid is afforded to the question as affecting Lord George. Could it not be obtained, or is the omission a little artifice for preserving the desirable and stimulant quan-

tity of uncertainty round the last of the persons brought in discussion, after the interest of suspecting and doubting had been extinguished with respect to the whole preceding list of claimants?*

In one of the letters sent to the Public Advertiser with a different signature, but given on very sufficient authority as from Junius, (V. II. p. 436.) the writer says, when speaking of Lord Townsend, Lord Lieutenant, and his brother the Hon. Charles Townsend, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland, "I am not a stranger to this *par nobile fratrum*: I have served under the one, and have forty times been promised to be served by the other." It is not impossible that this might be a fictitious fact, pretended in order to give some weight to the opinions of an unknown correspondent; but it seems at least as probable it might be true. Now Mr. Woodfall would be very likely to make some little research into any existing public documents of Lord Townsend's military history, (we presume the "service" was military,) to ascertain whether at any time Lord G. Sackville was among his officers; and he would never fail to catch any references bearing on the subject that occurred in conversation. Did our editor never hear him say what was the result of such examination, or such listening?

Whether it be from intention, or through negligence, there is a want of uniformity in the expressions, occurring here and there, respecting the late Mr. Woodfall's ignorance of the real author. The language in some places would seem to attribute to him an unqualified ignorance; in others it seems intended to import that he *all but absolutely knew*—that he must have had at least what he deemed a very probable guess.

On the whole, we suppose the generality of readers, while pleased to see so many pretensions finally put out of question, and while disgusted much with the present editor's whiffing language, ostentatious reserve, and petty air of mystery, respecting his father's knowledge and opinions, and respecting the illustrative particulars bearing on the claim of Lord George Sackville, will be inclined, though with a perception that the evidence is very narrow and unsatisfactory, to confer on that nobleman "the vacant honours of Junius."

The affirmative appearances are indeed somewhat affected by the allusion to Minden, in terms coinciding with the popular opinion against Lord George, in a paper attributed, with strong probability, to Junius. Would it be altogether out of character to suppose, that a proud spirit might please itself with the dignity of its own

* The fac-similes here given of Junius's handwriting are a whole set of specimens, showing all its varieties, which indeed are, *radically*, very inconsiderable. We are disposed to hope their publication may have the effect of drawing from some quarter or other, into equal publicity, a sample or two of the writing of Lord George Sackville.

justice in thus choosing to make a condemnatory reflection on itself? It may be remarked, too, that the supposition of Lord George's being Junius, would supply one reason, in addition to all considerations of personal safety, for the unrelenting resolution of perpetual secrecy. We may imagine the writer chose to live down to future times, under the imperial name of Junius, in preference to his own, and that he was resolved no blemish, no mark of disgrace to be triumphed over by men that he despised, should be transferred from his real to that proud adopted name. We can really suppose him to feel a kind of sullen exultation in this transmigration, so to call it, out of a personality and a name that the world had gained some advantages against, into the impassable, commanding, avenging, and immortal form of Junius.

[The length of the following admirable article will prevent us from presenting our readers with that *variety* which may be a paramount recommendation with the million. But we will here observe, (if national hostilities will allow the confession,) that we prefer, at any time, to lay before them a substantial sirloin of real old English roast beef, to crowding our table with dishes of a more *piquant* but less nutritious nature.]

Propositions for ameliorating the condition of the poor, and for improving the moral habits, and increasing the comforts of the labouring people, by regulations calculated to reduce the parochial rates of the kingdom, and generally to promote the happiness and security of the community at large, by the diminution of immoral and penal offences, and the future prevention of crimes, &c. &c. By P. Colquhoun, L. L. D.

[From the Quarterly Review, for December, 1812.]

THE commencement of the present century was distinguished in this country by two measures of prime importance; the population of Great Britain was then for the first time ascertained, and this was followed by an official inquiry into the state of the poor. The population was found to be 10,942,646. The number of persons receiving parish relief, amounted to 734,817; those who received occasional relief from the poor rates, were 305,899; and the vagrants who obtained assistance, appeared to be 194,052: a frightful proportion of paupers. The first result taught us our strength, the second discovered our weakness. When we knew that there were in Great Britain alone, more than 2,700,000 men capable of defending their country, it became apparent that we

* Here is an unavoidable ambiguity in the statement, which may best be explained in a note. Relief had thus often been given, but it by no means follows that it had been given to so many different persons. If one of these vagabonds cheats 19 parishes per annum, 10,000 of them would appear 190,000 in the enumeration.

might defy the world in arms; but the fact, that nearly one person in nine of the whole population was dependent upon parochial aid, made it but too evident, that there was something rotten in our internal policy.

Formidable, however, as this official and authentic statement must necessarily appear to every reflecting mind, it by no means represents the whole evil. The proportion of persons who are unable to maintain themselves, and therefore rely upon the contributions of the community for support, may, perhaps, be as great in some other countries, and yet in those countries there would not be the same degree of danger to the state. For in England, the great mass of the manufacturing populace, whatever be their wages, live, as the phrase is, from hand to mouth, and make no provision for the morrow—being utterly improvident, because their moral and religious education has been utterly neglected. The number of paupers, therefore, which elsewhere is stationary, or increases only in proportion to the increase of the other classes of society, is here at all times liable to a sudden and perilous augmentation, from the effects of an unfavourable season, in a climate where the seasons are peculiarly precarious; from the fluctuations of politics affecting a people, to whom foreign commerce has become of too much importance; and even from the caprice of fashion in a country where thousands of families are dependent for daily bread upon the taste for silks or stuffs, ribands, and buttons, and buckles. Formerly, indeed, these things seldom produced any farther evils than that of a few riots upon market days in times of scarcity. But the same accident, which to a healthy subject would occasion only a slight and temporary inconvenience, scarcely felt at the moment, and drawing no ill consequences after it, will produce gangrene or cancer in a system that is morbidly predisposed; and certain it is, that in these our days, a morbid change has been wrought in the great body of the populace.

How this state of things has been produced; what is the real condition of the poor, what means have been taken for ameliorating it, and what remains to be done, to counteract the danger with which social order otherwise is threatened, are the topics suggested to our most serious consideration by the publications which form the subject of this article.

Every one has his reason ready for the increase of the poor, from the youngest tyro in the art of talking, to the most celebrated proficient in political quackery. Mr. Whitbread, and the pamphleteers and essayists of Mr. Roscoe's shallow school, ascribe it to the war. Mr. Brougham imputes it more specifically to the orders in council, but joins in the sweeping cause, and agrees in prescribing peace. Sir Francis Burdett charges it upon the borough-mongers, and would purify the constitution from its

corruptions, with his *pilula salutaria* of reform. Some of his partisans believe it a desperate case of king's evil, and long to have the knife and the actual cautery called in. But all those politicians who make any pretensions to philosophy, however they may insist upon these alleged causes for party, or electioneering purposes, agree in their admiration of, what they are pleased to call, a discovery in political science; Mr. Malthus having made it appear to their satisfaction, that the primary source of the evil, the *causa causans*, lies in the system of nature, and that a great error has been committed in the physical constitution of the universe, inasmuch as men multiply too fast, and, therefore, the land is overstocked.

The cause of the increase of the poor, which this "eminent philosopher," as Mr. Whitbread denominates him, has assigned, and the remedy by which he proposes to counteract it, are both summary enough in themselves, though in their details they have been expanded into what, to borrow a transatlantic term, may truly be called a *lengthy* work. Mediocrity in literature has a better chance in later times, than it seems to have had in the age of Horace; whatever the gods may think of it, gentlemen and ladies now give it a willing welcome, and it meets with due encouragement from booksellers. There is even a sort of insipidity which seems suited to a weak intellect. But Mr. Malthus had other recommendations; his philosophy was upon a level with the feelings and morality of his admirers, as well as with their understandings; and by a happy combination of qualities, it equally suited the timid, who dreaded the effects of speculative reform; the bold spirits, who fancied that the world might have been much better constituted if their opinions had been asked concerning it; and the lady metaphysicians, who discuss the fitness of things at their *conversazioni*; the shallow, the selfish, and the sensual.

Worthless as Mr. Malthus's system is, it stands in the way of an inquiry into the state of the poor, and must be removed. The complaint that the land is overstocked, is, indeed, as old in this country as the Reformation. "Some," says Harrison, "do grudge at the great increase of people in these days, thinking a necessary brood of cattle far better than a superfluous augmentation of mankind. But I can liken such men best of all unto the pope and the devil, who practise the hindrance of the furniture of the number of the elect to their uttermost. But if it should come to pass, that any foreign invasion should be made, which the Lord God forbid, for his mercies sake! then should these men find, that a wall of men is far better than stacks of corn and bags of money, and complain of the want when it is too late to seek remedy." An opinion of this kind is too foolish, as well as too wicked, ever to become permanently prevalent; the temporary reputation which

Mr. Malthus obtained by renewing it is disgraceful to the age, and cannot be excused, though it may be accounted for by the circumstances of the times, and the occasion upon which his system was brought forward.

It has been the hope and consolation of good men, when they contemplated the miseries which man brings upon man, to think that many of the evils, moral as well as physical, which afflict society, are remediable, and will gradually disappear as the human race advances in improvement. But the French revolution, acting upon political enthusiasm, produced a set of speculators as wild as the old fifth-monarchy-men. They announced the advent of a political millennium—which was to be not the kingdom of the saints—saints and kingdoms being with them alike out of fashion—but the commonwealth of philosophers. Ploughs were to work of themselves, butter to grow upon trees, and man to live for ever in this world—a very necessary improvement this upon the former state of things; for, according to their belief, if he were unphilosophical enough to die, he could not expect to live in any other. These notions were connected with the deplorable doctrines of brute materialism, blind necessity, and blank atheism, and with a system of ethics, which, attempting an impossible union between stoicism and sensuality, succeeded just so far as to deprave the morals and harden the heart.

Against the Goliath of these *philosophists* Mr. Malthus stepped forth, at a time when the *mirage* in which the champion had made his appearance was pretty well dispersed, and had left him in his natural dimensions, an ordinary Philistine of about five feet six. Mr. Malthus attacked him with an argument which had been long before clearly and distinctly stated by Wallace and Townshend, and which, in fact, no person who ever speculated upon an improved state of society, could, by possibility, have overlooked. The sum of this argument is, that, supposing a country to be fully peopled, men must multiply faster than food can be multiplied for them. Mr. Malthus puts this proposition in a technical form, showing that population increases in a geometrical series, but food only in an arithmetical one; this is held up as a discovery in political economy, and this is in reality the first of his fallacies, the fundamental sophism of his book. That which would be true if the whole earth were fully peopled and fully cultivated, he assumes to be universally true at the present time. Admitting, then, the possibility of Mr. Godwin's scheme, he supposes a pure state of philosophical equality to be established, all causes of vice and misery having been removed; but in one generation, he contends, the principle of population would disturb this state of happiness, and in a second, destroy it. The absurdity of supposing that a community, which, according to the

hypothesis, had attained the highest state of attainable perfection, should yet be without the virtue of continence, is overlooked by Mr. Malthus; he reasons as if lust and hunger were alike passions of physical necessity, and the one equally with the other, independent of the reason and the will: and this is the pervading principle of a book written in the vulgar tongue, and sent into the world for the edification of all dabblers in metaphysics, male and female! Upon this his whole argument against Mr. Godwin rests! And, as if to show how happily these rival writers are matched against each other, the latter admitted it in reply, and proposed abortion and exposure as the remedies which, in his Utopia, must be adopted to counteract the power of population!

The direct object of Mr. Malthus's essay, in its original form, was to confute the opinions of Mr. Godwin in particular, and of all those persons in general, who believed that any material improvement in human society might be effected; and this object was thus accomplished by means of a technical sophism, and a physical assumption, as false in philosophy as pernicious in morals. The essay, however, in this state, was consistent with itself. But the author, being a man of decorous life and habits, began to suspect that, to deny the existence of such a virtue as chastity, was neither compatible with the well-being of the community in which he lived, nor with public decency—nor, setting these considerations aside, with facts which necessarily fall within the sphere of every man's knowledge. In his second edition, therefore, he recognises the existence of this virtue, admitting, in express terms, that "moral restraint," or, in other words, sexual continence, is "a virtue clearly dictated by the light of nature, and expressly enjoined by revealed religion:" and with an inconsistency which it would be difficult to parallel, retaining all his arguments against Mr. Godwin in the beginning of the book, he proposes a scheme at the end for abolishing the poor rates by means of this very virtue, upon the denial of which the whole of his preceding argument is founded!

It is this scheme, with its accompanying doctrine, which rendered it necessary to recur to Mr. Malthus on this occasion; for if the doctrines were true, it would be hopeless to seek for any alleviation of existing misery:—the certain and speedy consequence of his remedy will soon be pointed out. We are overstocked with people, he says, and not only are so at present, but always have been, and always must be so. "In every age, and in every state in which man has existed, or does now exist, the increase of population is necessarily limited by the means of subsistence." "The power of population is so superior to the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man, that unless arrested by preventive checks, premature death must in some shape or other visit the human race. The vices of mankind are active and able ministers

of depopulation. They are the precursors in the great army of destruction, and often finish the dreadful work themselves. But should they fail in their war of extermination, sickly seasons, epidemics, pestilence and plagues, advance in terrific array, and sweep off their thousands and ten thousands. Should success be still incomplete, gigantic inevitable famine stalks in the rear, and with one mighty blow levels the population with the food of the world." The checks which keep the population down to the level of the means of subsistence are moral restraint, vice and misery, and "the truth is, that though human institutions appear to be the obvious and obtrusive causes of much mischief to mankind, they are, in reality, light and superficial in comparison with those deeper-rooted causes of evil which result from the laws of nature." According, therefore, to Mr. Whitbread's "eminent philosopher," all the existing plagues of the world, war, pestilence, misery, and vice, in all its forms, are necessary, as preventive checks, to counteract the principle of population! A new mode of proving the necessity and utility of evil, with the comfortable corollary that it is in its nature irremediable.

There are, indeed, some persons who may be disposed to demur at Mr. Malthus's theory, remembering that it is written in the Book of Genesis, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them: And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." Such persons might be inclined to believe, that till the earth shall have been, in obedience to this command, replenished and subdued, if in any part of it production is not made to keep pace with population, the cause is to be ascribed to the errors or defects of human policy, and not to any inherent evil in the laws of nature. But the Malthusians observe, in reply to such objections, that the new discovery is matter of science, and that the Mosaic account cannot be permitted to stand in the way of a demonstration. We ourselves remember to have heard one of these reasoners affirm, in answer to an assertion that this theory was inconsistent with the wisdom and goodness of Divine Providence, that if the two things were incompatible the consequence could not be avoided; the argument of the geometrical and arithmetical series was a demonstration, and Divine Providence must go to the wall. But there is a moral *reductio ad absurdum* which the man of enlightened piety feels to be demonstrative wherever it applies: he knows in his heart that whatever opinion is wholly and flagrantly inconsistent with the goodness of creating and preserving wisdom, must necessarily be false; and in this knowledge he cannot be deceived, for it is the voice of God which tells him so.

In reality, what is true in Mr. Malthus's book is not applicable;

and what is applicable is not true. It is true that the whole earth may be fully peopled to its utmost power of production, so as to admit of no farther increase; but this truth is as worthless as a *jus merum* in law, and admits of no possible application. The argument that if the world were thus peopled, it could not continue so, because mankind, though in the highest conceivable state of perfection, would be incapable of restraining the sexual passion, an appetite of irresistible physical necessity, might be applicable a few millenniums hence, if it were true; but the position upon which it rests is false.

So much for the great discovery in political science! But these absurdities are far exceeded by the application which Mr. Malthus makes of moral restraint, after he has luckily recollected that such a virtue is in existence. He proposes, by means of this virtue, to put a salutary stop to the increase of the poor, and abolish the poor rates. The plan, to which he says he can see no material objection, is thus stated in his own words.

“ I should propose a regulation to be made, declaring that no child born from any marriage taking place after the expiration of a year from the date of the law, and no illegitimate child born two years from the same date, should ever be entitled to parish assistance. And to give a more general knowledge of the law, and to enforce it more strongly on the minds of the lower classes of people, the clergyman of each parish should, previously to the solemnization of a marriage, read a short address to the parties, stating the strong obligation on every man to support his own children; the impropriety and even immorality of marrying without a fair prospect of being able to do this; the evils which had resulted to the poor themselves from the attempt which had been made to assist, by public institutions, in a duty which ought to be exclusively appropriated to parents; and the absolute necessity which had at length appeared of abandoning all such institutions, on account of their producing effects opposite to those which were intended. After the public notice which I have proposed had been given, and the system of poor laws had ceased with regard to the rising generation, if any man chose to marry without a prospect of being able to support a family, he should have the most perfect liberty so to do. Though to marry in this case is, in my opinion, clearly an immoral act, yet it is not one which society can justly take upon itself to prevent or punish; because the punishment provided for it by the laws of nature falls directly and most severely upon the individual who commits the act, and, through him, only more remotely and feebly on the society. When nature will govern and punish for us, it is a very miserable ambition to wish to snatch the rod from her hands, and draw upon ourselves the odium of executioners. To the punishment of nature, therefore, he should be left—the punishment of severe want. He has erred in the face of a most clear and precise warning, and can have no just reason to complain of any person but himself.

when he feels the consequence of his error. All parish assistance should be most rigidly denied him; and if the hand of private charity be stretched forth in his relief, the interests of humanity imperiously require that it should be administered very sparingly. He should be taught to know that the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, had doomed him and his family to starve for disobeying their repeated admonitions; that he had no claim of right on society for the smallest portion of food beyond that which his labour would fairly purchase. With regard to illegitimate children, after the proper notice had been given, they should on no account whatever be allowed to have any claim to parish assistance. If the parents desert their child they ought to be made answerable for the crime. The infant is, comparatively speaking, of no value to society, as others will immediately supply its place. Its principal value is on account of its being the object of one of the most delightful passions in human nature—parental affection. But if this value be disregarded by those who are alone in a capacity to feel it, the society cannot be called upon to put itself in their place, and has no farther business in its protection, than in the case of its murder, or intentional ill treatment; to follow the general rules in punishing such crimes; which rules, for the interests of morality, it is bound to pursue, whether the object, in this particular instance, be of value to the state or not."

Thus, then, this eminent philosopher, who, at the beginning of his book, argues that it is in vain to hope for an improved state of society, because men, in the highest imaginable state of wisdom and virtue, would continue to breed, regardless of all consequences, tells us, at the end of this very book, that the way to reduce our poor rates is to persuade the lower orders to continence while they are in their present state of deplorable ignorance; to discourage them, as much as possible, from marrying; to preach wedding sermons to them, if they will marry, upon the immorality of breeding, that being a luxury reserved only for those who can afford it; and if they will persist in so improper and immoral a practice, after so solemn and well timed a warning, to leave them to the punishment of severe want, and rigidly deny all parish assistance. No public relief is to be given to the starving infant; it is worth nothing to society, for its place will be presently supplied, and society, therefore, has no farther business than to hang the mother if she should shorten the sufferings of her babe rather than see it die of want. A plan for the abolition of the poor-rates as practicable as it is humane! The rich are to be called upon for no sacrifices; nothing more is required of them than that they should harden their hearts. They have found a place at the table of nature, and why should they be disturbed at their feast? It is Mr. Malthus's own metaphor; and that we may not be suspected of exaggerating the detestable hard-heartedness with

which his system is recommended, the illustration shall be presented in his own language.

"A man," he says, "who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents, on whom he has a just demand, and if the society does not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. At nature's mighty feast there is no cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders, if he do not work upon the compassion of some of her guests. If these guests get up and make room for him, other intruders immediately appear demanding the same favour. The report of a provision for all that come fills the hall with numerous claimants. The order and harmony of the feast is disturbed; the plenty that before reigned is changed into scarcity; and the happiness of the guests is destroyed by the spectacle of misery and dependence in every part of the hall, and by the clamorous importunity of those who are justly enraged at not finding the provision which they had been taught to expect. The guests learn too late their error, in counteracting those strict orders to all intruders issued by the great mistress of the feast, who, wishing that all her guests should have plenty, and knowing that she could not provide for unlimited numbers, humanely refused to admit fresh comers when her table was already full."

A writer ought to possess a more logical mind than Mr. Malthus has been gifted with, before he ventures to reason in metaphors and similitudes. But it were idle to dwell upon flaws of reasoning in a passage where, at the first perusal, every reader, whose heart and understanding are in their natural state, will see nothing but naked deformity. There is, however, no accounting for tastes physical or metaphysical, and there are certain intellects which seem to have an appetite, like the Hottentots, for garbage. The late Sir William Pulteney is said to have been so smitten with Mr. Malthus's theory, that he intended to bring a bill into parliament for abolishing the poor-rates upon the plan thus recommended and thus illustrated. While such a plan remains upon paper it is as harmless in the written letter as the receipt for Sir Humphry Davy's new fulminating powder; but if either the one or the other be made the subject of experiment, wo be to all within reach of the explosion! The numerous claimants at Mr. Malthus's feast of nature, who, as he tells us, have "no right to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, no business to be there," would very soon begin to ask the luckier guests what better title they themselves could produce, and resort to the right of the strongest, "You have had your turn at the table long enough, gentlemen," they would say, "and if those who have no places are to strave, we will have a scramble for it at least." Let any man in his senses ask himself whether this would not be the

natural and inevitable consequence; whether, in the present state of society in this country, such a plan as that of Mr. Malthus could, by any possibility, be carried into effect without producing all the horrors of a *bellum servile*; whether the legislators who should pass such an act would not be pulled in pieces by an infuriated and desperate populace, and whether such legislators would not deserve their fate! Here, then, we dismiss Mr. Malthus—to enjoy the applause of those (if such there be) who feel no contempt for his theory, and no abhorrence of its proposed practical application.

When Berkeley, in the *Querist*, asked “Whether the *number* and welfare of the subjects be not the true strength of the crown? whether a country inhabited by people well fed, clothed and lodged, would not become every day more populous? and whether a numerous stock of people, in such circumstances, would not constitute a flourishing nation?”—and “whether to provide plentifully for the poor be not feeding the root, the substance whereof will shoot upwards into the branches, and cause the top to flourish?” he did not propose these questions as points which he conceived would ever be disputed. That wise and excellent man believed, as all wise men had done before him, that the strength of kingdoms consisted mainly in the *number* of their inhabitants, and that the true policy of governments is not to prevent their subjects from multiplying, but to provide uses and employment for them as fast they multiply. If in any country they increase faster than means, not merely for their existence but for their well being, are provided, it is rational to infer that in that country there is a defect of policy; it is pious to infer that the error is in human institutions, not in the unerring laws of nature;—in man, not in his Maker.

That this is the case in England is manifest in the number of the poor, and the amount of the poor-rates.* Certain it is that the poor have rapidly increased, and are increasing; and the chief causes of this increase render their physical and moral condition worse at present than it has been at any former time since the shock of the Reformation subsided.

In the political, as in the natural body, it seems as if those important transitions in the system, which are necessary to its development, could not be performed without some degree of suffering or of danger. Mendicity followed the abolition of vassalage in Europe. Feudal times afford tempting themes for the romancer and the poet. The high-minded and generous lord; the high-

* The parish rates of 1803 were 5,318,000*l.* of which 4,267,000*l.* were expended on the poor. The rack-rental of England in that year was about forty millions; it is now nearly fifty-five, and the poor-rates will probably be found to have at least kept pace with this increase when the returns shall be made next year pursuant to an act passed in the last session.

born and gentle lady; the servants who were, as in some countries is still expressed in their name long after the reality has ceased, *children of the house*; the vassals seeming to be humble members of the same family rather than dependents; the baronial hall; the seasons of festival, and the every-day hospitality; these are materials from which imagination may build up an ideal state of happiness not less delightful than fabled Arcadia, and of a loftier character. From a state of perfect vassalage, whether feudal or commercial, mendicity and want are of course excluded; hence the advocates of the slave trade drew one of their favourite arguments; and thus it is to be explained how good men, like Mr. Tobin and Bryan Edwards, should have written in defence of that abominable traffic, feeling as much indignation against the abolitionists as the abolitionists against all who protracted the consummation so devoutly to be wished for, to which they were pressing on. These writers knew that, in their hands, power over their slaves was but the means of beneficence. But Hodge and Huggins, and the black code of our own, as well as of the French islands, furnish the same proof against their opinions as the feudal laws of every country afford of the cruelty and oppression of the feudal system.

By abolishing that system in the countries which he has subjected, and by necessitating its abolishment in others, Buonaparte, incarnate fiend as he is, insatiable of blood, and delighting in the infliction of misery, is made to produce good amid the evil which will consign him to execration in this world, and perdition in the next. This country would not now have been great and happy if the yoke of bondage had not long ago been broken here: but, in the transition which the lower classes made from the state of villeins to that of free labourers, a mass of immediate evil was produced of which the unexaggerated report might almost startle our belief. The Reformation aggravated the evil, not only by depriving the poor of that eleemosynary support which the monasteries afforded when there was no other constant source of relief, but because men who shared the plunder of the church in the vile way in which it was lavished, became hard landlords, and the rents of the abbey tenants were heavily raised, in consequence of the same act which destroyed the chief market for their produce. Never was there a good work so wickedly effected as the Reformation in England. It is at once our chief blessing and our foulest reproach.

These circumstances aggravated the evil; but the decrease of villenage was its cause. "Manufactures," says Sir Morton Eden, "by creating a necessity for free hands, and, consequently, enabling men to make use of the most valuable of all property, their own industry, subjected those who were any ways incapacitated from availing themselves of that fund, to the miserable alternative of starving independently;" and he states it as an inevitable conclusion.

from his inquiries, that manufactures and commerce are the true parents of our national poor. Had the price of labour, when it first became a marketable commodity, found its proper standard, so that the labourer in youth and health might have been enabled to make provision for sickness and age, this consequence would not have followed; but we must not blame our ancestors for not discovering with prospective wisdom, as the means of prevention, what we ourselves, after so long and heavy an experience of the evil, have not yet adopted as the cure. It was mitigated at first by the spirit of adventure, then more prevalent among the lower classes than now. Harrison speaks of emigrants to "France, Germany, Barbary, India, Muscovia, and very Calicut;" and shortly afterwards our colonies in North America were established. And though, when labour is underpaid, and the labouring classes are kept poor, poverty must always be upon the increase, the increase was less rapid than in later times, because of the flourishing state of the country, whose progress seems scarcely to have sustained any interruption by the civil wars of Charles I. because the virtues of the feudal system survived that system awhile, and because the manners of the peasantry were not yet corrupted.

Harrison states the number of vagabonds in his time, upon a rude estimate, at above 10,000. This is, perhaps, short of the number—there is a document in Strype, which affirms that there were at least three or four hundred able bodied vagabonds in every county, who lived by theft and rapine, and who sometimes met in troops to the number of sixty, and committed spoil on the inhabitants. It adds that if all the felons of this kind were reduced to good subjection, they would form a strong army; and that the magistrates were awed, by their association and threats, from enforcing the laws against them. But in Scotland, a century later, the evil was ten or twenty fold greater—for, during that century, Scotland had been stationary, if not retrograde, and the people were in a more savage state than even the worst of the wild Irish at the present day. Fletcher, of Saltoun, gives a dreadful picture:

"There are, at this day," he says, (1698,) "in Scotland, besides a great many poor families, very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, (with others, who by living upon bad food fall into various diseases,) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. And though the number of these be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature; fathers incestuously accompanying with their own daughters, the son with the mother, and the brother with the sister. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, nor that ever

they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them, and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (if they give not bread, or some kind of provision to, perhaps, forty such villains on one day, are sure to be insulted by them,) but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

Fletcher was a lover of liberty, and a sincere one; yet he seriously proposed, as a remedy for this evil, the re-establishment of domestic slavery, drawing arguments from the example of his favourite republics. A system of parochial education was shortly afterwards established in Scotland, and the result was, that Scotland, then one of the most barbarous countries in Christendom, became the most orderly. Provision had been intended for securing a like advantage to the people of England by Edward VI. whose life, short as it was, is honourable to human nature; and whose accession ought to have been made a red-letter day in the English calendar, and set apart for pious and grateful commemoration, as long as the blessings which we have derived from it shall endure. *Monstrificus puellus* Cardan calls him for his attainments; and a protestant, without superstition, may be allowed to call him "blessed King Edward," for his virtues. This spotless prince enumerates, among the remedies for the sores of the commonwealth, good education as the first in dignity and degree, and declared his purpose of "showing his device therein." "This," he said, "shall well ease and remedy the deceitful working of things, disobedience of the lower sort, casting of seditious bills, and will clearly take away the idleness of people."

Edward's early death was probably the greatest misfortune that England ever sustained: Elizabeth effected the work of reformation, rather in the spirit of a politician, than with that sincere, and conscientious, and enlightened piety which directed and sanctified his conduct. The provision which was made for the religious education of the people was less extensive and less complete than he would have made it; and such as it was, the greater part of the parochial clergy were not qualified to give it effect. This was one of the evils which arose from the Reformation: from the commencement of that great revolution, divinity became a perilous profession: those studies which formerly led to honourable ease, benefices and dignities, led then to exile, imprisonment, and martyrdom; and thus, while the issue of the struggle was doubtful, the supply of students was materially diminished. The robberies (for they deserve no better name) which were committed upon church property tended to the same effect.

"It would pity a man's heart," says Latimer, "to hear that I hear of the state of Cambridge. What it is in Oxford I cannot tell. There be few that study divinity, but so many as of necessity must furnish the colleges, for their livings be so small, and victuals so dear, that they tarry not there, but go everywhere to seek livings, and so they go about. It will come to pass, that we shall have nothing but a little English divinity, that will bring the realm into a very barbarousness, and utter decay of learning. It is not that, I wiss, that will keep out the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. There be none now but great men's sons in colleges, and their fathers look not to have them preachers—so every way the office of preaching is pinched at."

There are few books which throw so much light upon the manners and morals of the times, and the state of society, as Latimer's Sermons; they may be ranked among the most curious and amusing specimens of our early literature.

"My lords and masters," says he, "I say that all such proceedings, as far as I can perceive, do intend plainly to make the yeomanry *slavery*, and the clergy *shavery*. We of the clergy had too much, but this is taken away, and now we have too little. But for my own part, I have no cause to complain, for I thank God and the king I have sufficient, and God is my judge I come not to crave of any man any thing; but I know them that have too little. There lieth a great matter by these appropriations: great reformation is to be had in them. I know where there is a great market town, with divers hamlets and inhabitants, where do rise yearly of their labours to the value of 50 pound: and the vicar that serveth (being so great a cure) hath but 12 or 14 marks by year; so that of this pension he is not able to buy him books, nor give his neighbours drink; and all the great gain goeth another way." "What an unreasonable devil is this!" exclaims the honest old bishop, on another occasion, making use of Satan in his*

* The reader will not, perhaps, be displeased to see a specimen of Latimer's peculiar vein. It occurs in his Sermon of the Plough, preached in the shroudes at St. Pauls church, in London, the xvii day of January, 1548. He is touching upon the unfitness of giving secular employment to the bishops. "A prelate hath a charge and cure otherwyse, and therefore he cannot discharge his dutie, and be a lord president too. For a presidentship requireth a whole man, and a byshop cannot be two men. A byshop hath his office, a flocke to teach, to look unto; and, therefore, he cannot meddle with another office, which alone requireth a whole man. Let the priest preach, and the noble man handle the temporal matters. Moses was a marvellous man, a good man; Moses was a wonderful fellow, and did his dutie, being a married man: we lacke such as Moses was. Well, I would all men would look to their dutie, as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing christian common weale. And now I would aske a strange question. Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and harkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all Englande. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his dyocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never fynde him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at

favourite way. "What an unreasonable devil is this! He provides a great while beforehand for the time that is to come; he hath brought up now of late the most monstrous kind of covetousness that ever was heard of; he hath invented a fee-farming of benefices, and all to delay the office of preaching; insomuch that when any man hereafter shall have a benefice, he may go where he will for any house he shall have to dwell upon, or any glebe land to keep hospitality withall; but he must take up a chamber in an alehouse, and there sit and play at the tables all day." "The devil hath caused also there this monstrous kind of covetousness, patrons to sell their benefices; yea more, he gets himself to the university, and causeth great men and esquires to send their sons thither, and put out poor scholars, that should be divines; for their parents intend not that they should be preachers, but that they may have a shew of learning."

The consequence of this state of things was, that the parochial clergy, in the first ages of the Reformation, were scandalously

home, the diligentest preacher in all the realme; he is ever at his plough; no lord-ing or loytering can hynder him; he is ever applying his busyness; ye shall never fynd him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to mayntaine supersticion, to set up idolatry, to teach all kynde of popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devill is resident and hath his plough going, there away with books and up with candles! away with bibles and up with beads! away with the light of the gospel and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon dayes. Where the devill is resident that he may prevayle, up with all supersticion and idolatry, sensing, paynting of images, candles, palmes, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appoynted. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones. Up with man's traditions and his lawes, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. But here some man will say to me, 'What, sir, are ye so privy of the devill's counsell that ye know all this to be true?' Truly, I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follyes. And I know him as other men do; yea, that he is ever occupied and ever busy in following his plough. I know by S. Peter, which sayth of him, *sicut leo rugiens circuit querens quem devoret*, he goeth about like a roaring lyon seeking whom he may devour. I would have this text well viewed and examined every word of it. *Circuit*, he goeth about in every corner of his dyocese. He goeth on visitation daily. He leaveth no place of his cure unvisited. He walketh round about from place to place, and ceaseth not. *Sicut leo*, as a lyon; that is, strongly, boldly and proudly, stately and fiercely, with haute looks, with his proude countenances, with his stately braggings. *Rugiens*, roaring; for he letteth not slip any occasion to speake, or to roare out when he seeth his tyme. *Querens*, he goeth about seeking, and not sleeping as our bishops doe, but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners, whereas he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in every place of his dyocese, he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching? In the meane tyme the prelates take their pleasures. They are lords and no labourers, but the devill is diligent at his plough. He is no unpreaching prelate. He is no lordly loyterer from his cure, but a busy plough-man; so that among all the prelates and all the pack of them that have cure, the devill shall go for my money. For he still applyeth his busyness. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learne of the devill to be diligent in doing of your office. Learne of the devill. An if you will not learne of God, nor good men, for shame learne of the devill. *Ad erubescendum vestram dico*. I speake it for your shame. If you will not learne of God, nor good men, to be diligent in your office, learne of the devill."

ignorant, and their lives but too often as little edifying as their doctrines. "Sad the times, in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth," says Fuller,* "when, by her majesty's injunctions, the clergy were commanded to read the chapters over once or twice by themselves, that so they might be the better enabled to read them distinctly in the congregation." Augustin Bernhers, the editor of Latimer's Sermons, draws a melancholy picture of their condition.

"I will not," he says, "speak now of them that being not content with lands and rents, do select into their hands spiritual livings, as parsonages and such like, and that under the pretence to make provision for their houses. What hurt and damage this realm of England doth sustain by that devilish kind of provision for gentlemen's houses, knights' and lords' houses, they can tell best that do travel in the countries, and see with their eyes great parishes and market towns, with innumerable others, to be utterly destitute of God's word; and that because that these greedy men have spoiled the livings, and gotten them into their hands, and instead of a faithful and painful teacher they have a Sir John, who hath better skill at playing at tables, or in keeping of a garden, than in God's word, and he for a trifle doth serve the cure, and so help to bring the people of God in danger of their souls."

Latimer himself dwells upon this theme.

"It is a great charge," he says, "a great burthen before God to be a patron; for every patron, when he doth not diligently endeavour himself to place a good and godly man in his benefice which is in his hands, but is slothful, and careth not what manner of man he taketh; or else is covetous and will have it himself, and hire a Sir John Lack Latin which shall say service, so that the people shall be nothing edified—no doubt that patron shall make answer before God for not doing of his duty."

This evil continued till the struggle between episcopacy and presbytery produced the same effect as the Reformation itself had done, of deterring men from a profession which was again become precarious and perilous. Baxter, in one of his works, where he very ably explains the causes of the increase of popery, in his days, observes that most of our ministers were "unable to deal with a cunning Jesuit or priest," which, he adds, "is not to be wondered at, considering how many of them are very young men, put in of late in the necessity of the churches." With the restoration this evil ended; but that was not an age in which any means were likely to be taken for the moral and religious instruction of the people. The subsequent danger of the protestant establishment under James produced nothing but good to the church as

* Triple Reconciler, p. 82.

well as to the state; it occasioned a demand among the clergy for learning and talent, which was abundantly supplied: being forced into the field of controversy, they learnt the use of their weapons, and remained masters of it. From that time to the present the character of the parochial clergy has continued to improve, and it has probably never been so respectable in any age, or in any country, as it is in England at this day.

But the want of a general system of parochial education has never been supplied. The funds with which it should have been established were scandalously dissipated at the beginning, when men were literally bribed to support the new establishment by the plunder of the old. A warfare of opinions, and a state of religious anarchy for a hundred and thirty years, was the price which we paid for a religious revolution; the evil has been abundantly overbalanced, but its effects have not yet ceased: the attachment of the peasantry to their roods and puppetries was broken, but no wiser attachment was substituted for it. The Romanists impressed their imaginations; the reformed clergy failed to impress their understandings. They plucked up the tares, but they were not equally diligent in sowing the good seed. There is a difference between the two churches which strikingly exemplifies the superior policy of the one and the truth of the other. In Catholic countries, the people are passionately attached to the faith of their fathers, while the higher classes, if they have any degree of knowledge, are either unbelievers, or at least indifferents. In England there is a great spirit of religion in the higher ranks, but the body of the people care little for the national church, and are easily won over from it.

The character of the lower orders underwent very little change from the Reformation till within the last forty years. In their religious feelings they had been weaned from popery—not won from it;—the breasts at which they had sucked in superstition were withdrawn; but no provision had been made, as in Scotland, for rearing them upon salubrious food. In other respects they remained much the same as they had been two centuries ago; reading and writing were but little more common among them; their habitations, their dress, their hours, their habits of life, were unaltered; the only difference was what the cultivation of the potato occasioned, and the use of tea, about that time beginning to become general. But during the last forty years, a tremendous change has been going on; it has affected all classes, few for the better, the lowest and most numerous much for the worse.

One chief cause of this great moral revolution, for such it may truly be called, is to be found in the improvement of machinery, and the consequent rapid increase of manufactures. The manufacturing system has been carried among us to an extent unheard of

in any former age or country; it has enabled us to raise a revenue which twenty years ago we ourselves should have thought it impossible to support, and it has added even more to the activity of the country than to its ostensible wealth; but in a far greater degree, perhaps, has it diminished its happiness and lessened its security. Adam Smith's book is the code, or confession of faith of this system; a tedious and hard-hearted book, greatly overvalued even on the score of ability, for fifty pages would have comprised its sum and substance as well as two Scotch quartos.

Cent et cent fois penser un penser mesme,

as Ronsard says, is very natural for a lover, but not very excusable for him if he writes verses, and altogether insufferable in an author of any other description. That book considers man as a manufacturing animal, a definition which escaped the ancients: it estimates his importance, not by the sum of goodness and of knowledge which he possesses, not by the virtues and charities which should flow towards him and emanate from him, not by the happiness of which he may be the source and centre, not by the duties to which he is called, not by the immortal destinies for which he is created; but by the gain which can be extracted from him, or of which he can be made the instrument. The more perfect the fabric in which he is employed, the less intellect is required; eyes and fingers are all that are needed. This philosophy, indeed, deals with him as Diogenes did with the cock, in derision of Plato's definition. Pluck the wings of his intellect, strip him of the down and plumage of his virtues, and behold in the brute, denuded, pitiable animal, the man of the manufacturing system!

Some of the sciences and many of the arts require large cities to foster them; they thrive there like exotics in a town-conservatory; but the virtues and the comforts of inferior life wither away in such atmospheres like flowers transplanted from the field to pine at a street window. The peasant, however much his religious education may be neglected, cannot grow up without receiving some of the natural and softening impressions of religion. Sunday is to him a day of rest, not of dissipation: the sabbath bells come to his ear with a sweet and tranquillizing sound; and though he may be inattentive to the services of the church, and uninstructed in its tenets, still the church and the churchyard are to him sacred things; there is the font in which he was baptized, the altar at which his parents became man and wife, the place where they and their fathers before them have listened to the word of God, the graves wherein they have been laid to rest in the Lord, and where he is one day to be laid beside them. Alas for him, who cannot comprehend how these things act upon the human heart! The

town manufacturer is removed from all these gentle and genial influences; he has no love for his birth-place, or his dwelling-place, and cares nothing for the soil in which he strikes no root. One source of patriotism is thus destroyed; for in the multitude, patriotism grows out of local attachments. *Omne solum forti patria* may be said by the exile and the cosmopolite philosopher, but *natale solum* is found among the periphrases for *patria*, and the same feeling will be found in the language of every people who are advanced one degree beyond the savage state.

The manufacturing poor are also removed from other causes which are instrumental to good conduct in the agricultural classes. They have necessarily less of that attachment to their employers which arises from long connexion, and the remembrance of kind offices received, and faithful services performed—an inheritance transmitted from parent to son: and being gathered together in herds from distant parts, they have no family character to support in the place to which they have been transplanted. Their employments, too, unlike those of the handicraft and the agriculturist, are usually so conducted as to be equally pernicious to mind and body. The consumption of life in some manufactories, even in those which might at first be thought most innocuous, though it may be a consolation to those philosophers who are afraid of being crowded at the table of nature, would make good men shudder if the account could be fully laid before them.

John Hunter predicted that our manufactories would engender new varieties of pestilence. New and specific diseases they have produced; but the only pestilence which has yet manifested itself is of a moral nature. Physical diseases are not more surely generated by crowding human beings together in a state of filth and wretchedness, than moral ones by herding them together in a state of ignorance. This is the case under the least unfavourable circumstances which can be imagined; but it is doubly so under the manufacturing system, where children are trained up in the way wherein that system destines them to go, as soon as their little fingers can twirl a thread, or feed a machine. When that system was at its height, the slave trade itself was scarcely more systematically remorseless. The London workhouses supplied children by wagon-loads to those manufactories which would take them off the hands of the parish; a new sort of trade was invented, a set of child-jobbers travelled the country, procuring children from parents whose poverty was such as to consent to the sacrifice, and undertaking to feed, clothe, and lodge them for the profits of their labour. In this manner were many of our great manufactories supplied! the machinery never stood still. One set of these poor children worked by day, another by night, and when one relay was relieved, they turned into the beds which had been vacated

by the other, warm as the others had left them! When this system had continued long enough for those who lived through so unnatural a childhood to reach the age of maturity, it was found that the girls, when they married, were utterly unable to perform the commonest and most indispensable domestic work: and the remedy which was devised, in future, was, that they should go to school to learn these things for an hour in the day after they had done work!

These evils have been mitigated: the hellish practice of night-work (it deserves no gentler qualification) is nearly, if not totally, disused; but enough which is evil remains to produce irreparable injury to the individuals, and the most serious mischief to the community. The existing race of the manufacturing poor have been trained up certainly without moral, and, it may be said, without religious instruction also; for if a pulpit lesson should now and then by accident reach their ears, there is little chance of its penetrating farther, utterly unprepared as they are to receive it. Among the philosophers-errant who mislead themselves as well as others in confounding the distinctions between right and wrong, there are some who, after wandering about the debatable ground between good and evil, recover the right path, and find grace to thank Providence for their escape. The bias inclines that way in the middle and higher ranks; for morals, as well as manners, follow the mode, and decorum, at least, is in fashion. But the class of which we have been speaking, have more to resist at the same time that they are less prepared for resistance. He who has ever seen the habitations of the city-poor in the cellars and garrets of courts and alleys, will easily believe that the fireside of the pot-house holds out a stronger temptation than even the physical effect of the liquor. Goldsmith has told us how such places

“ impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;”

But they do more than this: they afford a stimulus of society which he cannot find elsewhere; strong humour and vulgar wit come with double fascination to those whose intellectual powers are stagnant at home; the coarseness of boisterous mirth acts upon them with double excitement; and if they give themselves up to the lowest vices, ought we to wonder at this, when their better faculties have never been brought into action? Scarce lower than the angels in the capacity of his nature, man is yet, when left to himself, scarcely above the brutes; and if he be depraved, as well as ignorant, he is then chiefly distinguished from them by the fatal prerogative of possessing a wicked will and greater powers of mischief. When his diviner part has never been called forth, the mere animal is all that remains, and mere animal gratification must be the natural end and aim of his blind desires.

These are not the mere imaginations of a speculative moralist. It is notorious that the manners of the people in manufacturing districts are peculiarly dissolute. Saint Monday is the only saint in the journeyman's calendar; and there are many places where one of the working-days of the week is regularly set apart for drunkenness, like a sabbath of irreligion. However high the wages may be, profligacy of every kind keeps pace, and draws after it its inevitable punishment of debility, disease, poverty, want, and early death. For the main cause of the increase of pauperism it is needless to go farther than the increase of manufactures—that very increase which has so often been triumphantly appealed to in proof of the prosperity of the country. Even in quiet times, and when, to all outward appearances, the country was flourishing beyond all example in former ages, the evil was felt, an evil in itself of sufficient magnitude, but of the most frightful nature when those circumstances are considered which give it a direct political bearing. This tendency was noticed some years ago in *Espriella's Letters*, a book in which, amid lighter matter, grave subjects are sometimes touched with a deeper spirit of thought than appears upon the surface.

“Two causes,” says the author of that book, “and only two, will rouse a peasantry to rebellion; intolerable oppression, or religious zeal either for the right faith or the wrong: no other motive is powerful enough. A manufacturing poor is more easily instigated to revolt. They have no local attachments; the persons to whom they look up for support, they regard more with envy than respect, as men who grow rich by their labour; they know enough of what is passing in the political world to think themselves politicians; they feel the whole burden of taxation, which is not the case with the peasant, because he raises a great part of his own food; they are aware of their own numbers; and the moral feelings which in the peasant are only blunted are in these men debauched. A manufacturing populace is always ripe for rioting: the direction which this fury may take is accidental. In 1780 it ran against the catholics; in 1790 against the dissenters. Governments who found their prosperity upon manufactures sleep upon gunpowder.

“Do I then think,” continues the writer, “that England is in danger of revolution? If the manufacturing system continues to be extended, increasing, as it necessarily does increase, the number, the misery, and the depravity of the poor, I believe that revolution inevitably must come, and in its most fearful shape. That system, if it continues to increase, will more effectually tend to ruin England than all the might and all the machinations of her enemies, were they ten times more formidable than they are. It communicates just knowledge enough to the populace to make them dangerous, and it poisons their morals. The temper of the mob has been manifested at the death of Despard, and there is no reason to suppose that it is not the same in all other great

towns as in London. It will be well for England when her cities shall decrease, and her villages multiply and grow; when there shall be fewer streets and more cottages. The tendency of the present system is to convert the peasantry into poor; her policy should be to reverse this, and to convert the poor into peasantry; to increase them and to enlighten them; for their numbers are the strength, and their knowledge is the security, of states."

Whether this writer be Spaniard or Englishman, the Luddites and the temper which the mob in London, as well as in Nottingham, manifested upon the murder of Mr. Perceval, have but too fully approved his foresight. How that temper has been produced deserves farther investigation. The state of parties and the press will go far towards explaining it. That there is any organized plan for effecting a revolution in this country we are far from asserting or believing, but it by no means follows that the preparatory work of revolution is not going on. There is no commissariat for supplying London, and yet London is supplied with a regularity and abundance which no commissariat, however perfect, could possibly accomplish. If one political writer vilifies every measure of the existing administration; if another reviles all parties in their turn with equal virulence; if a third systematically holds up the royal family to derision and abhorrence; and a fourth labours to bring the whole system of government into contempt and hatred; though the first should merely be the faithful adherent of a political faction; though mere malevolence should be the influencing motive of the second; the third be actuated by mere humour, or by neediness acting upon a profligate mind; and the fourth be led astray by juvenile presumption, or mistaken zeal; though these persons should be utterly unconnected, or even hostile to each other, they coöperate as effectually together to one direct end as if they were bound by oaths and sacraments, and that end is as directly the overthrow of their country as if all four were the salaried instruments of France.

He who finds a factious newspaper upon his breakfast table, and casting his eyes over its columns while he sips his coffee, smiles at its blunders, or at most vents a malediction more in wonder than in indignation at the impudent villany of its falsehoods, has but a faint conception of its effects upon the great body of its readers. Journals of this description are not designed for those whose place in society indisposes them to revolutionary tenets, or whom a sound understanding, and a mind well stored, have fortified, as with Mithridate, against such poison. But there are thousands, and tens of thousands, prepared for it by the manufacturing system as completely as soldiers, by want and cold, are prepared for camp contagion. It is upon men whom that system has depraved that the *diatribes* of the *anarchists* operate with full effect. Those

persons, if there be any such, who would keep the people ignorant because they rely upon their ignorance as a preservative, are not more lamentably erroneous in judgment than ignorant themselves of the state of the society in which they live. Where one who can read is to be found, all who have ears can hear. The weekly epistles of the apostles of sedition are read aloud in tap-rooms and pot-houses to believing auditors, listening greedily when they are told that their rulers fatten upon the gains extracted from their blood and sinews; that they are cheated, oppressed, and plundered; that their wives and children are wanting bread, because a corrupt majority in parliament persists in carrying on a war which there was no cause for beginning, and to which there can be no end in view; that there is neither common sense nor common honesty in the government; that the liberty of the press has been destroyed, and they are, in fact, living under military law; that they are a flogged nation, and flogging is only fit for beasts, and beasts they are, and like beasts they deserve to be treated, if they submit patiently to such wrongs and insults. These are the topics which are received in the pot-house, and discussed over the loom and the lathe: men already profligate and unprincipled, needy because they are dissolute, and discontented because they are needy, swallow these things when they are getting drunk, and chew the cud upon them when sober. The lessons are repeated day after day, and week after week. If madder be administered to a pig only for a few days his bones are reddened with its die; and can we believe that the bloody colouring of such "pig's-meat"* as this will not find its way into the system of those who take it for their daily food?

They who are labouring to seduce the people, fail not to allure them (like the tempter of old) with promises of unattainable good, perverting to vile purposes the sacred names of laws, and liberty, and constitution, and dealing out vague generalities and inapplicable truisms, while their main appeal is to the vanity and the evil passions of an uninstructed multitude. Marat and Hebert were continually talking to the people of their rights, and representing themselves as the enlightened friends of humanity. Our sappers and miners tread faithfully in their steps as far as they have hitherto gone, and there are but too many circumstances which favour the machinations of such mischievous and wicked men.

Among these circumstances the manufacturing system again presents itself in the first rank. The extent to which it has been

* "Pig's meat," "hog's wash," and "food for the swinish multitude," were titles of seditious *brochures* published by Daniel Isaac Eaton and Spence, the earlier and honester but less dexterous apostles of anarchy in this country. Both these men were political fanatics. Pure profligacy, rather than mistaken principle, instigates some of their successors.

carried makes a large part of our population dependent for employ, which is, in fact, for subsistence, upon other countries; and when the tyranny of a frantic barbarian in Europe, and the servility or corruption of a ruling faction in America, shut us out from our accustomed market, distress and riots in the manufacturing districts are the consequence. Let it not be supposed that we are among the wholesale declaimers against foreign commerce; or that, because we perceive the fatal consequences which result from the manufacturing system, carried on as it has hitherto been, we would, in the spirit of radical reform, destroy it root and branch. Doubtless it has been productive of great and essential benefit. But as nations may be too warlike for their own happiness, or even their own security, so they may be too commercial. What one of the wisest of the heathens has told us, is applicable in policy as well as in ethics;—Τὰ δὲ ἐκ ἐφ' ἡμῖν, ἀσθενῆ, δῖλα, καλυτὰ, ἀλλότρια. When the evil is discovered, one great step is made towards the cure, and that it is an evil to have whole districts dependent for support upon the pleasure of a foreign cabinet is now proved by our own experience. Want will make even those persons turbulent who would be otherwise every way disposed to be industrious and peaceable: what facilities, then, must it afford to those who, by every imaginable means, are labouring to excite mutinous feelings, and set the people against the government? *Malesuada* is the epithet by which Virgil characterizes hunger; and the old rebels in Henry the Eighth's time felt themselves, beyond all doubt, fully justified in their insurrections when they told the Duke of Norfolk that "Poverty was their captain, the which, with his cousin Necessity, had brought them to that doing."

In other times we have had men thrown out of employ by the fluctuations of foreign politics, but their numbers have been comparatively trifling, and the effect partial; nor were there in those days public speakers and public writers ready to inflame their discontents and array them against their rulers. The rapid increase of manufactures, and the wider scale upon which hostility is carried on against us, have caused the effect now to be felt over every part of the country; and a cause which arises out of our real improvement, and the high civilization to which we have attained, has given consistency to the danger. Bodies of men, associating for unlawful purposes in England, are at no loss how to organize themselves; for nowhere in the world has the principle of political association ever been so well and so generally understood. We have not only the *imperium in imperio* of the quakers, and that of the Arminian methodists, (each of them perfect in its kind,) but every sectarian community, every joint company, every parish club, affords a model; and, as some or other of these institutions exist in every village throughout the kingdom, the peo-

ple are everywhere familiarly versed in such practical details of business as are applicable upon the widest scale. Our benefit societies, (in their origin as old as the Saxon gilds,) which, in their right application, are so excellent, and which have so properly been encouraged by the legislature, have been perverted to the most perilous purposes. The number of persons who belonged to these societies ten years ago, when the poor-returns were made, amounted to 704,350, of whom nearly half,* at least, may be supposed to belong to the manufacturing class. When the Luddites began to organize themselves, the funds of the societies to which they belonged afforded them a ready supply, and when farther resources were needful, they knew how to raise a revenue as well as the skilfullest financiers of Downing-street. In this country, journeymen have long been accustomed to combine for the purpose of obtaining higher pay from their employers; each trade has its fund for such occasions, raised by weekly or monthly payments; the different trades assist each other in their combinations, and the business is managed by secret committees. In this manner the shoemakers, when they *struck work*, two or three years ago, were enabled to support a loss of wages to the amount of nearly half a million! Besides this resource, it has been ascertained that the Luddites, under pretext of defraying the expenses of a petition for parliamentary reform, levied a contribution of half-a-crown a man upon their fellow-workmen throughout an extensive part of the country where no disturbances were apparent.

Such, then, are the means which the disaffected part of the populace have in their hands. If at any former time the mob were inflamed with sedition, they were a headless multitude, bound together only by the momentary union of blind passion; they are now an organized association, with their sections, their secret committees, and their treasury. These are fearful facts, even if temporary distress were the only cause of the existing spirit of insubordination. But in addition to this, there is to be taken into the account of danger a circumstance which few have noticed, and of the importance which fewer still are aware, that jacobinism having almost totally disappeared from the educated classes, has sunk down into the mob; so that since the year 1793, our internal state has undergone as great a change as our foreign relations, and a far more perilous one. There was a wild cosmopolite character about the democracy of the last generation. Old men of warm hearts and sanguine spirits, sung their *nunc dimittis*; and young men of

* This is inferred from the proportion which the manufacturing bears to the agricultural class. The late population returns state the number of families in Great Britain at 2,544,000, of which 896,000 are engaged in agriculture, 1,129,000 in trade, manufactures and handicraft occupations. All others, that is to say, the very poor, the very rich, and the professional, amount to 519,000.

ardent mind and generous inexperience became enthusiastic disciples of a political faith which ushered itself into the world with the lying annunciation of Peace on earth, Good will among men. Their talk was not merely of the rights of man, but of the hopes and destinies of the human race, of rapid improvement and indefinite progression. The populace were incapable of entering into such views; they beheld nothing in these visionaries but their direct political bearing; and finding them hostile to the war, regarded them as men who preferred France to England, and therefore as enemies to their country. That this was the feeling of the populace twenty years ago, is notorious to every one who remembers that stirring season; wherever any riots broke out, Church and King was the cry of the mob, and their fury was directed against those whom they considered as the enemies of both. Time passed on; the character of the French revolution developed itself: that which had been fondly worshipped at its uprise as "the day-star of liberty"—the star in the east guiding us to political redemption—proved to be a baleful comet shedding pestilence and destruction over the nations. Jacobinism died under the sword of military despotism in France, the fate which universally must terminate its success: of its partisans in England some sunk into contempt; some were cooled by years, others sobered by experience: their dreams were dissipated; their philosophy grew out of fashion; their irreligion was hooted out of sight: the great experiment to which they appealed had failed; and such is the deadening effect of disappointed hope upon those who have no strength of mind to reclaim them when they have gone wrong, or support them when they are right, that many of those persons who had been warmest in their admiration of the French revolution, looked now upon the struggle of the Spaniards with utter apathy, prophesied their failure, depreciated their exertions, exulted over their losses, and, learning to hate the people whom coldness of heart and error of intellect had made them injure, laboured to the utmost to assist in accomplishing their own predictions.

While the spirit of jacobinism had thus evaporated from the top of the vessel, its dregs were settling at the bottom. New demagogues appeared upon the stage, children of Mammon, and wiser in their generation. They understood the temper of the vulgar too well to preach to them of fine fabrics of society, the diffusion of general knowledge, and the millennium of wisdom and philosophy; and they understood the laws too well to recommend openly the destruction of monarchy, and the abolishment of all distinctions of rank. There is no danger in advertising journals, the professed object of which is, "*to exhibit to the people the hideous system by which they are at once cajoled and coerced, thereby to rouse them to an united call for reformation too general to be mistaken, and too*

potent to be resisted." Radical reform is a safer text than revolution—the same sermon will suit either; the same end is effectually furthered by both. The folly and stupidity of ministers, the profligacy of public men, the oppressiveness of government, and the waste of public money, are the anarchists' constant theme. Knowing also that

"Majesty
Needs all the props of admiration
————— to bear it up on high————"

they omit no opportunity of vilifying the royal family. In this manner have they for years been addressing themselves to the passions of the vulgar; flattering their vanity, by telling them that wisdom and virtue must proceed from them, and that the way to remedy all evils is to have all elections popular, and make the representative receive instructions from his constituents; exciting their indignation against their rulers, and provoking their selfishness and pride at the same time, by persuading them that they are plundered by government, and cheated by the public servants.— Their changes are rung upon corruption, speculation, inquiry, and justice; and reform, radical reform, is still the burden of the song.

It has been confidently asserted, that some of the anarchist writers are in the pay of France. We do not believe it; and whether it be so or not is altogether unimportant, for what occasion has the enemy to hire agents when there are so many who act for him gratuitously? To slander public and private characters has become a regular trade in England, and miscreants of one description take to it just as miscreants of another to the more dangerous, but not more nefarious, practices of thieving and robbing; they begin upon players and they end upon princes. There is another class less noxious to society, and in themselves less detestable, but enemies in like manner to public order. A forum orator some years ago published a tour, in which he described the gratification which he felt in the act of being overturned in a stage coach, because, never having experienced such an accident before, it gave him a new sensation. Gentlemen whose lives and limbs are matters of such trifling concern to themselves, may be equally well disposed to try what sort of sensation the overthrow of a government would produce. It is no new thing for wretches to set fire to a house, for the purpose of plundering during the confusion; ought we, then, to doubt that there may be those who would commit state-arson for motives of a like nature? But whether they commence their career thus without principle, or under the influence of erroneous notions and mistaken zeal, personal feeling brings them to the same state of mind: they get within reach of the law at some time or other, and then beginning in good earnest to abhor the government which has corrected them,

they labour in their vocation with hearty virulence, hoping one day to change places with the attorney-general.

Men of these various descriptions have been writing to the populace for years past: they are not without employment in the daily press; but the weekly press is almost exclusively their own, and this is of far more importance, for it is the weekly paper which finds its way to the pot-house in town, and the ale-house in the country, inflaming the turbulent temper of the manufacturer, and disturbing the quiet attachment of the peasant to those institutions under which he and his fathers have dwelt in peace. He receives no account of public affairs (and these are times in which the remotest peasant feels an anxiety concerning them which was never known before) but what comes through these polluted sources. The murderers of Overbury destroyed him by seasoning with poison whatever he took, his food, his drink, and his medicine: so every thing is drugged which passes through the hands of the anarchist journalists. Victory is depreciated, and represented as matter of regret, because it tends to lengthen a war which the anarchists and the despondents have pronounced hopeless; failure is exaggerated and made matter of consolation, or ill-concealed joy, because it brings us nearer to an abandonment of the contest. With whatever enemy we may be engaged, upon whatever cause, in whatever quarrel, it is England which is wrong, it is England which ought to yield. If Buonaparte be spoken of, his crimes are palliated or concealed, his success blazoned, his talents magnified, and held up for awe and admiration; his policy described as infallible; his means inexhaustible; his power not to be resisted. Thus do these men labour to destroy in their readers all sympathy with their country; all joy in her triumph; all natural pride in her glories; all generous exultation in her name; all interest in her cause. At home every thing is represented in the darkest colours; nothing but imbecility, venality, profligacy, profusion, waste and speculation on the part of the rulers; on the part of the people distress, misery, hunger: the populace are reminded of their numbers, they are told of their strength, and they are reproached for their patience,

“Pack-bearing patience, that base property
And silly gift of the all-enduring ass.”

Every topic is made subservient to the same conclusion, that things are bad and must be changed; that corruption must be cut up by the roots; that the soil must be cleared by the plough and the harrow.

When corn has become damaged it is said to evolve a specific poison for the human system: poison of this kind being administered in the daily bread of the people, has been producing slowly,

but surely, the effect for which it was intended. It has now become "rank, and smells to heaven." But though the eruption did not show itself till a fit opportunity occurred last year, the infection had long been taken. The famous text* in Ezekiel, which is the watchword of the Luddites, was current among the manufacturers of the north more than seven years before they made any public manifestation of a seditious spirit. There is another circumstance equally serious in itself, and which ought to operate as a warning upon those persons whom it concerns. The secret directors of these people, who have given sufficient proofs of their ability for mischief, lose no opportunity of encouraging their confederates, by producing authorities in their favour, and they are at no loss where to look for them. Speeches which produce no other effect in parliament than that of exciting indignation at the effrontery of those who deliver them, or wonder at their infatuation, operate very differently when they are reported in a condensed shape, and all exposure of their futility and falsehood is withheld. For this, no doubt, they are designed, as far as is consistent with regular party policy; but the Luddite committees make a farther use of them, and the most inflammatory harangues of this description are printed like dying speeches, and sold through the manufacturing districts at a halfpenny or penny each. The effusions of the hot city orators, and the most incendiary paragraphs of the anarchist journals are circulated in the same manner.

"Give me the press," said Mr. Sheridan, "against venal lords, commons or princes—against despotism of any kind, or in any shape—let me but array a free press, and the liberties of England will stand unshaken." And what if the press in abuse of freedom, and to the eventual destruction of freedom, its own as well as all other, should be arrayed against king, lords and commons, and governments of every kind? What would remain unshaken then? The press, like all other powerful engines, is mighty for mischief as well as for good, and little must they be aware of the force of this artillery who imagine that any government can suffer itself to be battered in breach by it with impunity. Look to the facts, and see what the licentiousness of the press has already produced. The armed associations of Nottingham and Yorkshire adding to the secrecy and combination of the united Irishmen, the coolness and regularity of the English character, and disgracing that character by the principles which they hold, the end at which they aim, and the assassinations which they have committed; even these conspirators against life, property, and social order, are less alarming in their

* And thou profane prince of Israel, whose day is come, whose iniquity shall have an end—Thus, saith the Lord God; remove the diadem and take off the crown: this shall not be the same: exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high.—I will overturn, overturn, overturn it.—xxi. 25, 6, 7.

acts and in their purposes, than are the symptoms which manifested themselves among the mob upon the death of Mr. Perceval. Who does not know that men, women, and children paraded the streets of a populous city in the heart of England, with flags in honour of that event—in honour of the murder of one who carried into public life the gentleness of his individual character, and in his private station was the model of every virtue? The victories of a Nelson or a Wellington would not have excited more overflowing joy in them when their natural feelings were uncorrupted, than was displayed upon this accursed occasion. Bonfires were kindled to celebrate a deed by which the peaceable part of the community were shocked as at some unwonted visitation of heaven, and for which, when they had recovered from the first stunning sensation, they grieved as for a private and peculiar calamity. The same un-english, unchristian, inhuman spirit, displayed itself in Cornwall; and in London the indication of the temper of the populace was yet worse.

These, then, are the feelings of the pot-house politicians who have for years past been sucking in the venom and virulence of the demagogue journalists with their daily potations. When Sir Francis Burdett heard how the wretches who would have rescued Bellingham huzzaed his name, we certainly believe that no man regretted it more than himself. At that hour, and in these rejoicings, their temper disclosed itself without disguise, the temper of that rabble who vociferate for purity of election, throw up their hats for him, and lackey the heels of his processions. They ratified the murder; they made it their own act and deed, and even contracted in it a degree of guilt which did not attach to the perpetrator. For that unhappy man, though never was the forfeiture of life more imperiously required for the sake of society, it was impossible not to feel something like compassion; but what shall be said of those writers who by their pestilent perseverance in preaching evil, prepared the people to rejoice in his deed, and who have been wicked enough to hold up the victim as a warning, instead of the murderer!

Mr. Sheridan has said that there are three ways of destroying the liberty of the press; "one is by oppressive acts of parliament, another by *ex officio* informations and the unconstitutional banishment of printers to distant gaols, and the third by raising the price of cheap publications." In this country, heaven be praised, the press is in no danger from either; but there is a fourth and far more effectual way, which Mr. Sheridan overlooked—by giving full play to its licentiousness. Among the truths of universal application which history teaches to those who are capable of receiving its lessons, there is none more certain than that the abuse of liberty is always followed by the loss of liberty; it is not more the

rightful punishment than it is the necessary consequence of the crime. Check the abuse of the press before the crisis is produced, and its inestimable blessings will be preserved; but if the anarchists be suffered to carry on their sapping and mining, and to keep their batteries in full play, the liberty of the press would not indeed be destroyed by their triumph, but it would be perilously endangered after their destruction. The immediate horrors of the *Jacquerie* would be our portion; the fatal consequences would be felt by our children and our children's children. As for those persons who, misunderstanding this, or misrepresenting it, would take shelter in the common-places of their orators, and tell us that the freedom of the press is like the reputation of a woman, not to be touched without injury; that it furnishes always its own remedy, and conveys the antidote as well as the bane—such reasonings, if they were not likely to proceed sometimes from well meaning men, would be too silly to deserve refutation. A word suffices to refute them. What reason have you to suppose that they who swallow the bane will be persuaded to take the antidote? and would you suffer books of obscenity to be distributed in your family, because you can give your boys and girls sermons and treatises of morality to counteract their effect?

The incendiaries have succeeded in kindling a flame; it is in the power of the laws to prevent them from extending it, and adding fuel to the conflagration. There are other causes which tend to shake the fabric of our prosperity, over which government indeed has no control. The wide-spreading defection from the national church is one; another is to be found in those attempts to reform the English laws, which, if they were successful, would change the very principle upon which those admirable laws have been founded, and which even now loosen their hold upon the hearts of the people. More direct mischief is produced by the paltry proceedings of those save-all politicians, who boast of their economy in banishing newspapers from the public offices, and who calculate to the fraction of a pen what quantity of quill-barrel ought to be allowed for a clerk's daily consumption. This pitiful spirit courts popularity by addressing itself to the meanest feelings of the multitude, and the anarchists need wish for no better assistance than that which is given them by these mole-eyed and unintentional coadjutors. But the more these causes, which are not within reach of the executive government, aggravate the existing danger, the more necessary is it that speedy and vigorous measures should be taken for removing such as are under its control.

The first duty of government is to stop the contagion; the next, as far as possible, to remove the causes which have predisposed so large a part of the populace for receiving it. We shall do little

if we do not guard against a recurrence of the danger by wise and extensive measures of prospective policy. The anarchists may be silenced, and the associations of their disciples broken up; but while the poor continue what they are, continuing also, as they must, to gain in number upon the more prosperous classes, the materials for explosion will always be under our feet.

The first and most urgent business is to provide relief for those upon whom the pressure of the times bears hardest. Charity is nowhere so abundantly and munificently displayed as in England, not even in those countries where alms-giving is considered as a commutation for sin; but mere charity is not what is needed in this emergency. The various plans which have been devised, and the local and partial experiments which have been made, for bettering the condition of the poor, as reported by the society embodied for that purpose, are highly honourable to the members of that society, and to the land in which they exist. The society which has been formed under the auspices of the Duke of York, for the immediate purpose of affording assistance to the distressed counties, is doing much; and there is cause to hope that the benefit which must result from its encouragement of the fisheries will continue after the emergency is past. The food which is thus brought into the market is so much clear gain; it is nutritious; it is the cheapest which can possibly be procured; it is drawn from a source of supply which is inexhaustible, and the mode of procuring it adds to our best defence, by keeping up a nursery for our fleets.

There is another way by which employment might be provided for many of those whom want of work renders not only burdensome, but dangerous to society, and from which permanent good would ensue to the community. These ends might be attained, if our great landholders could be persuaded, instead of adding estate to estate, till they count whole districts, and almost whole counties within their domains, to apply the capital, that is thus directed, to the better purpose of doubling the value of the lands which they already possess, by bringing them into the highest state of cultivation of which they are capable. How many are the marshes which might thus be drained, the moors which might be reclaimed, the wild and lonely heaths which would be rendered productive, and where villages would grow round the first rude huts of the labourers! Great, indeed, is the present relief which might thus be afforded to those who need it, the permanent advantage to the country, and ultimately to the principal landholders themselves: but that they should thus see their true interest, and act upon it, is rather to be wished than expected. Of all the maxims of proverbial wisdom which experience has bequeathed to mankind, there is none which is so seldom practically applied.

and few which are so widely applicable, as that which is contained in the old Ascræan's exclamation,

Νέπιοι, εἴδ' ἴσασιν ὅσα πλείον ἤμισυ πάντες

It may seem, perhaps, paradoxical at first to assert that a season of pressure, like the present, is a fit season for undertaking national works; yet nothing can be more certain than that the public must, in some form or other, support those who are deprived of their usual employments; and that it is better to administer this relief in the form of wages, than of poor-rates. The mouths cannot be idle, and as the great object is to prevent the hands from being so, a time when there are many hands out of employ is, of all others, the time for such labours. One way or other, be it remembered, the men must be maintained: it is, therefore, more wholesome for the community to have the advantage of their labour, and for themselves to feel that they earn their own maintenance, than that they should be fed gratuitously, and that we should have a race in England half Luddite, half Lazzaroni. No time, therefore, can be so proper for national works, for making new naval stations, and improving the old, for cutting roads, draining fens, and recovering tracts of country by embankments from the sea. Better is it to engage in works of ostentatious convenience—better would it be for the state to build pyramids in honour of our Nelsons and Wellingtons, than that men who have hands, and are willing to work, should hunger for want of employment.

Things of this kind (and many such might be devised) are palliatives, which, in this case, are all that are required; this part of the evil being but for a season. The radical evil can only be cured by a course of alteratives. Discussions and speculations upon first principles of government and abstract rights, with a view to the formation of some New Atlantis, or Utopia, have an effect upon men analogous to that which novel-reading produces upon girls: as long as the inebriation lasts, it unfits them to bear their parts in the realities of life, which appear "stale, flat and unprofitable" to their heated and high-fed fancies. They become dissatisfied with the society in which they are placed, and because they cannot remodel its institutions according to their own notions of perfection, instead of endeavouring to lessen the quantum of evil in the world, they increase it by their factions, or querulous discontent. The good which may be done in this country is immeasurably great, the disposition to it in our rulers cannot be doubted; the means are in our own hands; the invention of printing did not come more opportunely for the restoration of letters, and the blessed work of reformation, than Dr. Bell's discovery to vaccinate the next generation against the pestilence

which has infected this. The greatest boon which could be conferred upon Britain (and this is of such paramount importance that we cannot enforce it too earnestly, or repeat it too often) is a system of national education, established by the legislature in every parish, as an outwork and bulwark of the national church; so that instruction should be given to all who cannot pay for it: that as none can die for want of food in England, (the poor-rates not having been commuted for wedding sermons against procreation,) so none should be suffered to perish for lack of knowledge. Reverting to immediate relief, as well as permanent good, why should not government extend its military and naval seminaries, so that every body who needed an asylum should know where to find one? Would it not be better that the workhouses should empty themselves into our fleets and armies, than that they should pack off children by wagon-loads to grow up in the stench and moral contagion of cotton mills while the trade flourishes, and to be thrown out of employ, and turned upon the public, when it meets with any sudden revulsion? Seminaries of this kind may be so conducted as to cost little more than well-regulated workhouses. Boys become useful at sea at a very early age. There is no danger of overstocking ourselves with seamen; in peace the merchant service will require all that the navy can dismiss, and in war we know what is suffered from the difficulty of procuring hands. Train up children for the land and sea service, instruct them, too, in their moral and religious duties, encourage them by honorary rewards, pension them off after they have served as many years as their country ought to require: they will love the service; and the arts of our enemies will be as unavailing as their arms. For the surplus of an army, when war shall be at an end, there is, indeed, no such immediate employment as would be offered for our seamen; but the same means which would, above all others, tend to promote the power and security of Great Britain, would provide an outlet for this redundancy also.

National education is the first thing necessary. Lay but this foundation, and the superstructure of prosperity and happiness which may be erected will rest upon a rock; the rains may descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, and it will not fall. Lay but this foundation, poverty will be diminished, and want will disappear in proportion as the lower classes are instructed in their duties, for then only will they understand their true interests; they will become provident, and the wages of labour may be greatly advanced to the unequivocal benefit of all persons; thus will the poor-rates be diminished, and thus only may they be ultimately abolished. Thus also should we render ourselves less dependent upon the foreign consumer; the labourer, being better taught and better paid, would acquire a

taste for the new comforts which would then be placed within his reach, and by raising this class of the community a step in civilization, we create a new and numerous class of customers at home.

Is it not easy, then, to conceive ourselves in that state when the wishes of Henry IV. and of our own king should be fulfilled; when every family should have its wholesome and abundant meal, and every child be able to read its bible? To that state we are advancing; and if the anarchists and their infatuated coadjutors do not succeed in exploding the mine which they are preparing under our feet, at that state we may arrive. Neither Mr. Malthus's checks of war, famine, pestilence and vice, nor his comfortable wedding sermons, would be required to render it permanent. Unquestionably we should increase and multiply. There would be more Englishmen in the world, more of the countrymen of the Blakes and the Nelsons, the Wolfes and the Wellingtons, the Drakes and the Dampiers, and the Cookes, the Harveys and the Hunters, the Bacons and the Newtons and the Davys, the Hookers and the Burkes, the Shakspeares and the Miltons; more of that flesh and blood which has carried our name to every part of the habitable globe; more of that intellect which has dived into the depths of nature; more of that spirit which has compassed earth and heaven!

The labouring classes have a natural tendency to increase faster than the higher ranks. Celibacy is much less frequent among them; they are more prolific, and, except among the miserably poor in cities, a larger proportion of their children is* reared. This natural and necessary increase of the working part of the community is in its effects just what we make it. If the duty of providing for this increase, and of instructing the people, be neglected, it is danger and ultimate destruction; but if these duties be performed, population then becomes security, power, glory and dominion. All that is required to render it so is, that we should go to the ant and the bee, consider their ways and be wise: that we should learn from wise antiquity, on this point indeed truly deserving to be styled so; that we should do our part in obedience to the first great commandment, which bids us "Replenish the earth and subdue it."

Let the reader cast a thought over the map, and see what elbow-room there is for England. We have Canada with all its territory, we have Surinam, the Cape Colony, Austral-Asia, countries which are collectively more than fifty-fold the area of the British isles, and which a thousand years of uninterrupted prosperity would scarcely suffice to people. It is time that Britain should become

* See this subject treated in Dr. Jarrold's *Dissertations on Man*, a book where the question of population is discussed with real originality, and where true philosophy and true piety enlighten and support each other.

the hive of nations, and cast her swarms; and here are lands to receive them. What is required of government is to encourage emigration by founding settlements, and facilitating the means of transport. Imagine these countries as they would be a few centuries hence, and must be, if some strange mispolicy does not avert this proper and natural course of things; the people enjoying that happiness and those domestic morals, which seem to proceed from no other root than the laws and institutions with which Providence has favoured us above all others: imagine these wide regions in the yet uncultivated parts of the earth flourishing like our own, and possessed by people enjoying our institutions and speaking our language. Whether they should be held in colonial dependence, or become separate states, or when they may have ceased to depend upon the parent country, connected with her by the union of reverential attachment on one side, and common interests on both, is of little import upon this wide view of things. In America, at this day, hostile America, unhappily alienated from her dependence upon England by our misconduct and the artifices of our common enemy, and now the wanton aggressor in a war undertaken in obsequiousness to that enemy; still in America, whatever is civilized, whatever is intellectual, whatever is ennobling, whatever is good or great, is, and must ever be, of English origin.

“Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it.” This was the first great commandment given for collective society, and what country has ever been so richly empowered to act in obedience to it as England at this day? The seas are ours, and to every part of the uninhabited or uncivilized world our laws, our language, our institutions, and our Bible, may be communicated. Fear not if these seeds be sown, but that God will give the increase! Earthquakes may shake this island from its foundation, or volcanic eruptions lay it waste, or it may sink into the abyss, and leave only rocks and shoals to mark its place; (this earth bears upon it the monuments of wider physical ruins;) but earth itself must be destroyed before that from which Britain derives her pre-eminence can perish, if she do but enlarge herself, and send forth her blessings to the remotest parts of the globe.

ORIGINAL REVIEW.

The Emerald Isle, a Poem. By Charles Phillips, Esq.

THE beneficial influence of criticism has been acknowledged at all times, and by all enlightened persons, except certain authors whose writings have occasionally been made an example of, for the benefit of the public taste, in like manner as offenders against the laws are executed for the benefit of the public morals. Among the many causes which have operated to produce that admirable perfection in literature, which is unquestionably the distinguishing characteristic of the present age, the establishment of courts of criticism has undoubtedly been one of the most efficient. To their salutary influence it is principally owing that there are so many excellent writers now living, who, without the aid of either genius or learning, but merely by the precepts of the sublime critical art, have attained such astonishing excellence, and bore away the palm from those who arrogantly presumed to depend on their own resources for support.

It cannot be denied, we think, that it is in a great measure owing to the wholesome control exercised by these courts of criticism, that the authors of the present age have attained such wonderful proficiency in the art of being dull with the most scrupulous regard to critical rules. The early writers were a set of illustrious outlaws, who, like the Border chiefs, did not scruple, if they became enamoured of a certain grace or beauty, to seize it without any regard to the laws, and appropriate it to their own use. Thus did they indeed enrich their productions with a variety of brilliant ornaments, but it was at the expense of violating those established regulations, by the observance of which Miss Joanna Baillie has so far exceeded Shakspeare, and Mr. Scott's modern Epics are so superior to Homer and Virgil. In fact, to what but to the establishment of these high tribunals, to which the honest public repair to see justice done upon offending authors, as the mob go to see the execution of a malefactor, can we ascribe the wonderful supe-

riority of the modern over the ancient literature? A superiority which none will contest, except some droning bookworm, who, by dozing away his time among the musty classics, has acquired a sort of superstitious veneration for their mouldering remains.

Such, therefore, being the vast dignity as well as usefulness of the art of criticism, it is no wonder that men should greatly covet a seat in one of its courts, any more than that they should aspire to the office of criminal judge, or public executioner. The reader will perceive that we have taken occasion to hint at certain resemblances which do exist between courts of criticism and courts of justice. There is, however, one radical difference in their organization, which is, that the officers of the latter are appointed by the authority of the government to administer justice to the people, whereas those of the former are appointed by no authority but that of the bookseller who employs them. Accordingly we find in Great Britain, and elsewhere, divers of these illustrious tribunals springing up in different obscure places, where the judges, like those of the secret tribunal of Germany, administer justice unseen, and condemn those offending authors, who, though notorious delinquents, do not come under the jurisdiction of either the common, or statute, or civil law. One great advantage arising from the multitude of these courts is, that as their decisions are for the most part diametrically opposite to each other, the mind is by this means kept in a most happy dilemma, and remains in that salutary state of doubt, which grave philosophers assure us is the most favourable of all others to the discovery of truth. For as order rose out of chaos, so the glorious luminary of truth springs from the confused mass of doubt and irresolution, in like manner as the most perfect specimens of art are dug from the rubbish of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Another great advantage attending the establishment of these numerous tribunals is, that if the author is not satisfied with the decision of one, he can, by appealing to some other, generally get the obnoxious judgment reversed. Thus, in a suit at law, we appeal from one court to another, until we arrive at that pure fountain of justice called the court of errors, (because it is generally in the wrong,) where all former decisions, whether just or otherwise, are tolerably sure of being overturned. Thus the con-

demned author may, by a regular rotation of appeal, and without much expense, generally, among the multiplicity of judges, find one with good nature or good taste sufficient to admire and praise his work, and to acquit him of his adjudged offences.

As criticism is undoubtedly the noblest species of literature, so its professors occupy the highest stations in what has been ludicrously called the republic of letters, and appear among the inferior herd of poets, play-wrights, historians and philosophers, as a sort of nobility, who, though they contribute nothing to the wealth of the community, revel in all the spoils of industrious labour. The critic, in fact, stands in relation to the author, the same as a rider does to his horse. He is the true cavalier, who, getting as it were upon the back of some miserable hack-author, ambles along with marvellous ease to himself, and by a little occasional kicking and spurring, irritates the poor animal until he curvets pretty handsomely. This affords great amusement to the good natured mob, who, considering an author, like a man in the pillory, fair game, take great delight in seeing him worried. There is something naturally very delightful in beholding an author cut up by the mischievous waggery of the critic. The true epicure in literature enjoys it with the same satisfaction that a surgeon does a dissection, and the mob, to wit, the great majority of mankind, with all the eagerness with which they flock to see a bull worried by dogs, or a malefactor hung in chains. From this singularly good natured propensity it arises, that the critical works of the present day are sought after with such avidity, and have in a great measure superseded all other productions of literature, except the newspapers.

The critic, independently of his high rank, enjoys a variety of immunities by the courtesy of custom, such as hunting in other men's grounds without being stigmatized as a poacher, and killing other men's game without the formality of a license. Thus enjoying all the delights of a great estate, without an acre of fee-simple, and luxuriating in all the splendours of genius, without possessing a spark that is exclusively his own. Indeed, the profession of criticism affords a man wonderful advantages in the attainment of reputation at the expense of others. Thus, suppose the critic wishes to figure on a certain question, or to forward the views of a par-

ticular party ; but has neither information or invention to construct a regular system of reasoning. In this dilemma betwixt inclination and impotency, he has only to seize, *vi et armis*, the weakest and most miserable advocate of the other side and bring him into court. There, by selecting his worst arguments, praising them for their ingenuity, and knocking them on the head ; by having nobody to oppose him, and by the pitiful contrast afforded by his adversary, the critic absolutely appears with considerable splendour, and obtains the reputation of great talents. Thus imitating the famous Manchegan Knight, who metamorphosed sheep into stout armies, and puppets into immeasurable giants, demolishing them at the same time in a twinkling ; or, perhaps more appropriately, the invincible Thumb, who, according to the testimony of the Grizzly Grizzle, "*made the giants first, and then killed them.*" By this admirable system of choosing one's enemy, the critic in time acquires great fame, and gains as much glory by demolishing a man of straw, as if he were a real Jack the Giant Killer.

A great critic of the present age pronounced that books were made for no other purpose but to be reviewed. This decision has relieved our minds from a great doubt, which has long perplexed us with regard to the uses of certain books which are exceedingly plenty, and which it would puzzle a very ingenious person to appropriate to any other purpose than that of criticism. This opinion of the learned critic, that the author's work is written merely to be devoured, is justified by many striking analogies in the natural world, where there are millions of animals and insects, which seem to have been created for no other purpose but to be eaten. Thus the hawk pounces upon the pigeon ; the shark upon the smaller fry, and even the demure lethargic oyster is hugely suspected of now and then betraying the unsuspecting innocence of the shrimp, and devouring it without remorse. The critic may, therefore, by analogy, be allowed to make a meal of the author, who seems to belong to that unhappy race of animals whose destiny it is to be eaten much oftener than they eat.

Some, perhaps, who have not considered this matter curiously, may doubt this claim of the critic to the exclusive privilege of serving up the author at his table, inasmuch as if it were not for the author, the critic could have no existence, the latter standing in

the same relation to the former that the maggot does to the cheese in which he is generated. It may also be urged that genius, which creates the materials on which taste is to be exercised, is a much nobler attribute than mere taste itself. But these arguments are altogether inconclusive, because nothing is more obvious than that it requires much more ingenuity to detect a fault than to commit it, and more genius to recognise a beauty than to conceive it in our minds. To establish this principle we will merely adduce an instance, which, not having been quoted more than a thousand times, may claim the merit of novelty at least. What would have been the fate of *Paradise Lost*, and *Chevy Chase*, had not Addison discerned their beauties, and raked them from that oblivion which would have been the fate of many other works, without the timely assistance of the critic, who, like the pious nurse, fondles the infant bantling, and by dint of chuckling and crowing makes people take notice of the beautiful child. Without the aid of Addison, the world would never have had taste to admire the beauties of Milton, or judgment to appreciate his faults; and as by law the finder of a hidden treasure is entitled to a large portion of his discovery, so, on the purest principles of justice, the critic who points out an obscure fault, or latent beauty, is clearly entitled to, at least, a moiety of the proceeds. On the score even of a fellow labourer, these claims may be established, for there are a prodigious number of books which are infinitely more troublesome to read than to write. Admitting the critic reads one half of the work he reviews, which, we are told, some of them do, he has a fair title to supersede the author in a claim to superior mental labour.

The right, therefore, of the critic to devour the author wherever he can catch him is clearly established on the foregoing premises; and it is, therefore, no subject of surprise that authors who, for the most part, are a set of hungry rogues, should anxiously aspire to a seat in some court of criticism, where they are sure of getting plenty of food. The highest ambition of a modern author is to eat, and where we see young literary adventurers singling out so noble an object of pursuit as criticism, we may safely pronounce them possessing that great characteristic of genius—a mighty appetite.

“*Ingeniū largitor venter.*”

We, in the hope of coming in for a share of the spoils of those authors, who, for their manifold transgressions of the rules of that great lawgiver, Aristotle, have suffered sentence of outlawry, and may be knocked on the head by any body—we, too, will essay to establish a claim to a seat in the great court of criticism, that stern inexorable Areopagus, where no author was ever yet acquitted entirely to his own satisfaction. For this purpose we propose to exhibit to our readers an Irishman, and not only an Irishman, but a Wild-Irishman! We entreat the ladies not to be frightened at our introducing such a strange animal, for we assure them that, though a Wild-Irishman, he is as tame a poet as any of the present school of fashionable bards. It is a matter of infinite regret to us, that, in our zeal to establish the dignity of our profession, we have left ourselves hardly sufficient room to make a few preliminary observations which are necessary, before we treat our readers to this royal hunt. We have selected an Irishman for the subject of our strictures, though, doubtless, in the course of our progress, the intelligent reader will perceive that our object is higher game. An Irishman is at all times a fair subject of criticism, because, according to the most authentic accounts of their neighbours the English, who ought to know, and who *doubtless* have no motive to disguise the truth, he is an animal entitled to none of the privileges of social life, except the privilege of living in his own country, without the protection of the laws. Such a man may, therefore, lawfully be offered up as the scape-goat of other notorious offenders, who could not be attacked without manifest danger of rousing a whole nation upon our backs. This would not do for us young beginners.

But before we proceed to hunt the Irishman, we will turn aside to make a few general remarks, the application of which will be perceived by and by.

And first, we will notice the vast superiority which that fashionable mode of writing pursued by our hero, and the school to which he belongs, possesses over every other extant. In the first place, all former writers of poems which affected to have any subject at all, were most preposterously sedulous that it should be one of sufficient notoriety to be interesting to the generality of their readers, without the aid of a multiplicity of notes. They, simple

souls! thought, that as they professed writing a *poem*, the principal part of it ought, at least, to be in verse of some kind or other. So, too, actuated by the same erroneous idea, and unacquainted with the real *art* of poetry, they supposed that the characters who figured in their works, ought to be persons, either altogether imaginary, or, if traditional or historical, persons of respectable character, and not highwaymen, freebooters and pick-pockets, who would be likely to plunder the reader in the first page.

But the school to which our author belongs, and which may be called the school of modern chivalry, with a singular species of invention, which, though allied to poetic genius, is not quite genuine, has found out an entire new system, that bids fair, we think, to supersede every other. It is neither more nor less than choosing a subject from out of the lumber of forgotten provincial antiquity, and for their actors your *alias* follows with half a dozen names. Notorious freebooters, who, if their fame had not been preserved in the traditionary Newgate calendar of the times, would have descended to Hades, without any memorial but the mouldering remains of some moss-grown castle, ruined by their nightly depredations.

The advantages arising from this new system are so obvious that we should be surprised it had not been adopted long since, did we not know that the greatest discoveries in science and in art appear so simple after their discovery, that every body believes he could have made them with perfect ease. By this simple improvement in the epic art, the reader is introduced into the society of an entire set of new acquaintance, who, though, perhaps, not of the most reputable characters, cannot fail to delight him by their novel stories of conflagrations, robberies, ravishments, and other brilliant exploits of modern chivalry. The poet also has thus the great advantage of acting as master of ceremonies, performing the polite modern manœuvre of introduction with due grace, and giving what character he chooses to each individual, whose fortunate obscurity enables him to indulge in the greatest latitude of excursive genius. This introduction is made by *notes*, which answer the double purpose of making us much better acquainted with our company, than would easily be

done in verse, and at the same time increasing the size of the book; which last is a great matter with the bookseller, who pays according to bulk. We would, however, venture to suggest an improvement in this plan, which is, that as these notes are intended for the purpose of introducing those distinguished characters, they ought, in conscience, as well as propriety, to precede the poem, as the trumpeter does the army, and the herald did the knight of yore. By this happy arrangement we should become acquainted with the hero before we entered on his exploits, and accompany him in his maraudings with an additional degree of interest. Thus, also, we should be enabled to recognise every actor in his heroic dress, which, when put on by one of our modern poetical men-milliners, so alters his appearance, that none but an old acquaintance can possibly recognise him. Great trouble is also saved in delineating characters in verse, which is a task none but a pains-taking genius, like old Homer, would think of doing now a days.

The reader will gather from the foregoing remarks, that with regard to fable and character the modern epic is decidedly superior to the ancient in novelty, which, after all, is undoubtedly the principal source of all genuine pleasure. How much superior in point of novelty and interest, are the sublime and obscure heroes of the great modern school, whom none but some plodding provincial antiquary ever before heard of, to the hackneyed names of Greece and Rome; nations whose fame is so provokingly illustrious, that it is scarcely possible to extract any thing new from their tradition or history?

Another reason for preferring this new epic school to every other, is the great superiority observable in the characters of its heroes. How far more picturesque and poetical is their courage and enterprise; and how much they exceed those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, or even Milton's Devils. Homer has indeed given to the actors of his immortal poem many characteristics of the simplicity of their æra, making them rather boasting and abusive, as well as wanting in that chivalric deference to the fair sex which is a sure indication of refinement. But though we find that they cooked their own dinners, it does not appear they were in the habit of stealing them, except in one instance, where the pious

Æneas makes free with some cattle that certainly did not belong to him. With respect, however, to those notable burnings and ravishments which make up so large a portion of the embellishments of the modern epic, and which are so admirably adapted to improve our taste as well as manners, the ancient poets are deplorably deficient. They were deterred, probably, by that stiff classical taste, which is calculated to restrain the imagination, and curb those brilliant *raids* of outlawed genius; and it is greatly owing to the brave indifference of our favourite school of poets, that the noble art of poetry is now brought to such perfection. We mean the art of manufacturing a superfine poem out of the roughest materials, pretty much in the same way that superfine paper is manufactured from rags.

Nothing, indeed, but the restraints of a fastidious taste could possibly have prevented the ancient poets from seizing that great and prolific source of the sublime, vulgarly called *stealing*, which the mighty master of the modern epic has turned to such notable account. We know not that Mr. Burke admits stealing into his enumeration of the sources of sublimity, but whether he does or not, we maintain that a genuine thief, if properly managed, is better calculated for the hero of a poem, than one half of the demigods or conquerors on record. The ingenious Mr. Gay, in the *Beggar's Opera*, seems to have been the first to perceive the great value of the highwayman to the poet, and his character of Macheath probably suggested the idea of converting thieving to epic purposes.

Scarcely any thing, indeed, can be more nobly calculated for poetic narration, than the manners, characters, and exploits of these distinguished knights of the new chivalric order of the post, except the actions of our Indian neighbours, whose scalpings, burnings, howlings, dancings, midnight maraudings, and feasts of blood, would form an admirable companion picture. Should there be any aspiring epic in this country, ambitious of figuring in modern chivalric poetry, we recommend the late exploits of the Indians at French Town on the Raisin, or the equally gallant exploits of their illustrious and christian allies at French Town on the Chesapeake. Tecumseh, Split-Log, Col. Proctor, and the gallant Admiral Cockburn would furnish a notable *dramatis-personæ*, and their far famed

achievements form the most brilliant embellishments to such a work.

Nothing, we think, can be more evident than the superiority of the new order of knights of the post, over those of the stiff, buckram age of chivalry, when it was the great ambition of a knight to be "without fear and without reproach." What, for instance, can be more ridiculous than the awkward courtesy of the old knights—more puritanical than their devotion—or more fantastically ridiculous than their gallantry? And what would a buck critic of Bond-street say to their passing all their lives in protecting the ladies, instead of hunting them to ruin for their amusement? The knights of the post are, on the contrary, most heroically deficient in good manners, most picturesquely indifferent to religion, most fashionably destitute of morality, and therefore much nearer the *ton* of the present day. The old knights considered it their greatest glory to lay down their lives in defence of the rights of the weak—the new knights to lay down theirs for intrenching on those rights. The former believed it their solemn duty to protect the chastity of women, the latter to destroy it by force. The former, by their oath of knighthood, were bound to the observance of all the severe ordinances of the strictest honour; and the latter, if they took any oath at all, bound themselves by the true tie of modern chivalry, that of fidelity to their illustrious associates in midnight depredations.

The reader must at once perceive the superior *poetical effect* of these heroic traits in the character of the knights of the post, and will surely readily acknowledge the exquisite propriety of making their exploits the subject of an heroic poem. The burning of houses, the stealing of cattle, the sublime spectacle of ruined fields and smoking villages, and now and then, by way of *bonne-bouche*, a ravishment, are a thousand times more interesting than the dull picture of the buckram knight combating under the sacred banner of his faith; going about redressing wrongs, unhorsing his antagonist at bloodless tournaments, or sighing at the feet of some high born damsel. Who does not admire the picture of Johnny Armstrong ascending the gallows with a white cap on his head, to die for offending the laws, infinitely more than that of the finical Chevalier Bayard, reclining under a tree, and with his eyes fixed on

the cross of his sword, awaiting, with heroic resignation, the approach of that death which he received in defence of his sovereign?

Having endeavoured as far as our leisure and limits would permit, to establish the superiority, in poetical effect, of the modern school of chivalry, it naturally follows that we go on to inquire into the influence which the relation of such actions as we have alluded to, is likely to have on the taste and manners of the present age; in other words, what will be their moral tendency. If books have any influence in this respect, as some very wise men doubt, the moral tendency of a work of fancy ought to be one test of its excellence. But this subject would lead us into too great a field of discussion. Leaving it therefore to some future occasion, we will now uncage the terrible Wild-Irishman, according to our promise, the fulfilment of which doubtless is anxiously expected by the reader, who has been accustomed to consider an Irishman as *feræ naturæ* whom any man may hunt down without a license.

Those who are in the least enlightened, that is to say, those who are in the habit of reading the English newspapers, will long since have discovered that all Irishmen are wild, except a few who have become tame by a residence in England, and those who submit without murmuring to that mild, gentle, and considerate system of government under which they have the happiness to live. These Wild-Irishmen are principally catholics, the ancient possessors of that land, which, under the auspices of Queen Elizabeth, became the property of certain disinterested English, who came over to civilize them. Ever since this change of property, the ancient Irish have cherished a most unreasonable antipathy to these pious missionaries of civilization; and are in their turn heartily abominated by the English ministry, who, while they are most zealously upholding the catholic religion in Spain, are as zealously treading it under foot in Ireland.

That the unlucky poet whom we have turned out for the chase is a Wild-Irishman is evident, because, in the first place, he praises his country, loves his countrymen, and believes Ossian to have been born in Ireland. Nay, in one of his notes, he goes even farther than Sir Callaghan O'Brallagan himself, maintaining stoutly, that Ireland was anciently called *Scotia*, and that the

wily Scots, who we all know are not a whit too good for such things, not only cheated their country out of Ossian, but out of its name. Whether Ossian was an Irishman, a Scot, or nobody, as many learned men believe, is left to the decision of those who take an interest in the subject.

The author acknowledges that he wrote the present poem under the influence of irritated feelings, on perceiving that illiberal prejudice which exists in England, not only against the Irish, but most other nations, except the Indians and Algerines. That it should, therefore, exhibit a warmth of commendation which occasionally approaches to extravagance is scarcely to be wondered at. If ever boasting is allowable, it is when the person is called upon to repel unmerited aspersion. But we have already indulged in a great latitude of general remark, and will, therefore, proceed to cite some particular passages, accompanied by such observations as occur to our minds.

The opening of the poem is an animated address to Ireland, which exhibits a warmth of feeling that cannot fail of pleasing those whose want of experience has prevented them from learning the important secret, that all poets are expected to praise the country in which they were born, and in which they have enjoyed the luxuries of starvation.

“ Erin, dear by every tie,
That binds us to our infancy ;
By weeping memory’s fondest claims,
By Nature’s highest, holiest names,
By the sweet potent spell that twines
The exile’s secret heart around,
By wo and distance faster bound,
When for his native soil he pines
As wafted o’er the clouded deep,
And shuddering at the tempest’s roar,
He thinks how sweet its waters sleep
Upon thy lone and lovely shore ;
By thy indignant patriot’s tear,
Oh ! even by misfortune dear !
Erin, from thy living tomb
Arise—the hour of hope is come.

Think on what thou once hast been,
 Think on many a glorious scene
 Which graced thy hills and valleys green;
 Think on Malachi the brave;
 Look on Brian's verdant grave;
 Brian, the glory and grace of our age,
 Brian, the shield of the Emerald Isle,
 The lion incens'd was a lamb to his rage,
 The dove was an eagle, compar'd to his smile."

As a sober traveller mounted on what he supposes to be a steady-paced nag, finds, ere he reaches the first milestone, that the hostler has imposed upon him a whimsical bedevilled animal, that one moment ambles gently along, the next breaks into a villanous hobbling canter, and anon, without the least preliminary "resolution of the intervening discords," bounces off in a long trot—straight the honest rider begins to feel himself exceedingly uneasy in the saddle, becomes tired of the soul-worrying caprices of his Rosinante, and wishes him fairly in a horse-pond—even so, gentle reader, it fared with us. Gently and smoothly ambling down the passage we have just quoted, where no discord grates upon the ear, and scarce an intruding thought occurs to ripple the smooth surface of the printless mirror, we were suddenly, and without the least notice, almost unhorsed by the change of pace in which the poet's Pegasus indulges himself in the four lines beginning with

" Brian, the glory and grace of our age."

Before, however, we had time to accommodate ourselves to this new gait, this whimsical Wild-Irishman scampered off in a most appalling long trot.

" The sun has *grown old* since Clontarf's bloody wave
 Saw thee sleep the sweet sleep of the patriot brave;
 But thy glory still *infantine* beams from on high,
 The light of our soil, and the sun of our sky."

There is something singularly odd in the antithesis contained in these four lines. That the sun should "grow old," while the

fame of Brian grows young, is a singularity that approaches nearer to the figure of rhetoric called *Taurus*, than any thing in the whole poem.

Immediately after this, the poet "breaks up" into the following limping strain, which resembles marvellously the pace of a man who labours under the misfortune of wearing one leg longer than the other.

"Where now the passing stranger sees
Some orphan tree
Sighing in the desert breeze
So piteously—"

Alas! poor "orphan tree!" Anon, the capricious poney ambles off at the following rate.

"Clive and Comedy came together,
Waving wild their wand of feather,
Round and round the antic throng,
Led along
By their airy song."

Again,

"How the holy sound
Would call around
The vision of former years:
The virgins bright,
In their mantles of light,
Would forget the virgin's fears."

The Pegasus of the present day is assuredly not the horse with which the earlier English poets so bravely attained the height of "crack skulled" Parnassus, or he has been terribly spoiled by unskilful jockeys. When Dryden rode him he was a majestic war-horse, his "neck clothed with thunder," prancing along with a grand and steady pace, and bearing his rider and himself unjaded to the end of the journey. Now, under the direction of the mighty masters of the modern epic school, he appears a little, stumbling, capricious, ungovernable Narragansett poney, sham-

bling along as we occasionally see a pug dog, sometimes on three legs, sometimes on four, and relieving himself from the intolerable fatigues of his way, by practising every variety of motion. There are in the present poem, we imagine, at least, thirty different metres, jumbled together with the most unaccountable whimsicality, so that we advise the reader to keep a good look out before him, else he will be continually in danger of being unhorsed by the stumbling varieties of this clumsy Pegasus.

"*Our author*"—this is a phrase used by us critics to show that the author is exclusively *our* property—has availed himself of the poetic license established by the *Great Master* of the modern school of epic, to change his rhyme and his measure just as it suits him. By this unrestrained liberty, the poet is, in a great measure, released from the shackles of rhyme, and can indulge in rigmarole story-telling as much as he pleases.

Having formerly premised that our object was to set forth some of the most prominent features of the present fashionable school of poetry, we will not spend much time in stating the peculiar beauties and faults of the poem before us. It is principally devoted to the praise of Ireland, which is poetically known as the "Emerald Isle," and to the distinguished characters it has produced. In the pursuit of this last object we think he has selected many individuals that do little honour to his country, and injudiciously blended real with fictitious personages, at least, personages whose existence and exploits seem to belong to the region of fable. He has celebrated the late Miss Owenson,* and not only celebrated, but imitated her in that mawkish sentiment, as well as that imposing and obscure style, which dazzles without enlightening; and where the reader is continually tantalized with some shadowy spectre of an idea, which can never be reduced to any specific form or dimensions.

He has dwelt, too, we think, with a most unlucky partiality upon the name of Dermody, whose talents as a poet by no means kept pace with his improvements in vice and immorality. To the eccentricities and irregularities of genius, we are at all times willing to afford a liberal toleration; but ingratitude, vice and debauchery, must not hope to find a sanction from their connexion with supe-

* Now Lady Morgan.

rior mental endowments. At this late period, when men of genius are brought under the canons of criticism, it appears high time that they should also be obliged to submit to the laws of decency and morality, and that as they can no longer claim exemption from the rules of the first, so they are bound, like all other men, to conform to the precepts of the last. If the world has any thing to blame itself for in its conduct towards men of genius, it is in making too liberal an allowance for their fantastical departures from the ordinary rules of conduct adopted by common men. The calm acquiescence in these breaches of the salutary ordinances prescribed for the government of all, has, we believe, brought on the ruin of many a chosen spirit, who, had he been arrested in time by the saving disapprobation of the world, would have checked his downhill career, and regained his lost elevation. The world indeed has spoiled many a man of genius, as well by its indiscreet praises, as by its too liberal allowances for that imprudence which is supposed to be a sure indication of promising talents. The praise has operated to check the progress of farther improvement, and to bring on a premature confidence, which is the forerunner of carelessness, idleness, and decay ; while the too liberal toleration held out to their imprudence or dissipation, has seldom failed to produce in the end those lamentable catastrophes which are so thick set in the literary annals of the world. But this is not the worst ; the evil extends much farther than to the few men who are gifted with extraordinary powers of fancy. From this supposed intimate connexion betwixt genius and imprudence, thousands of young men who had no one attribute of the former, but the possession of the latter, have been led to mistake themselves for persons of extraordinary genius, when, in fact, they could advance no other claim to such a distinction, than that which was founded on a general defiance of those hallowed rules which *men of genius* themselves originally devised for the benefit of human happiness. That imprudence is often the concomitant of a brilliant and ardent fancy, is clearly demonstrable, because that judgment which is necessary to the direction of our conduct, is often blinded and impaired by the dazzling glow created around us by the workings of the imagination. He, however, who can produce no other voucher to his superior genius than wild and ungovernable imprudence, or

licentious dissipation, is a fitter candidate for the Temple of Justice than that of Apollo, and should be brought to a proper estimation of his talents by the wholesome discipline of public contempt.

These remarks, though suggested by the mention of Dermody, are not intended to apply to that distinguished personage, who appears to have been born with a happy aptitude for scoundrelism, which required not the fostering indulgence of the world to nurse it into maturity. However premature may have been his poetical genius, his "evil genius" was much more so, and he stands not so much an example of precocious talents as of precocious depravity. Over the imprudence of Burns, the most hardy moralist may be permitted to mourn; but from the villany of Dermody, the most ardent votary of genius revolts with contemptuous indignation.

Were the poem before us consecrated merely to the praise of such talents, it would want almost its only title to the public attention. But the long catalogue of "imps of fame" that sparkle like dew-drops in the green fields of the Emerald Isle, the names of Grattan, Curran, and many other illustrious heirs of immortality, are sufficient to give it an interest in the hearts of those who admire the union of patriotism and genius—and reverence those glorious spirits who toil for the happiness of their countrymen. *These* are men who do not require to be seen through the misty and delusive medium of exaggerated tradition, and whose fame is real, though coupled with that of Malachi, Brian Borhoime, Ollam Fodhla, and a few other illustrious shadows. These shadows appear to be introduced for no other purpose but to give an opportunity for some edifying notes, which swell the size of the book, and save the trouble of writing so much poetry. Accordingly, our author, by following, in this respect, the successful example of his great prototype in the uttering of notes, (we had almost said false notes,) has contrived to manufacture one hundred and seventy-six pages out of eighty-nine pages of straggling poetry. Indeed, there is at least four times the solid quantity of notes that there is of poetry, and the complexion of this mighty mass resembles not a little that multifarious variety of broken chairs, ancient bureaus, worn-out tables, and other precious remains of antiquity, which every good housewife thinks it necessary to scour up, and carry along with her in her periodical migrations. We have dissertations upon

Ossian, long stories about Cairns, together with other *piquant* novelties: and we have tales of the superb palace of Tara, together with notices of Malachi, who commanded the militia of Meath in the year 1014, which militia, to their great honour be it spoken, did not, like modern militia, run away when their possessions were plundered by the *Danes*. Then we have notes about the ancient Irish harp, the Irish spear, the Irish bards, the Irish phillibeg, and the Irish helmet of gold usually found in the bogs; all which must needs be extremely interesting to the good Americans, who, having no pretensions to antiquity themselves, are huge admirers of it in others; as honest Doily venerated Greek, because he had none of it himself.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that we ourselves have not a respectful veneration for antiquity, and for those obscure traditions which being hallowed by time, that, it is said, can convert charcoal into diamonds, and, consecrated by poetry, at length find their way into history, and become firmly incorporated with the genuine records of the times. We are aware how dear these precious relics are to the heart of every good patriot, and with what indignation he receives a doubt of their authenticity, or their value. We disclaim, therefore, any intention of undervaluing Brian Borhoime, Ollam Fodhla, or any traditionary hero. We see no reason why they are not quite as respectable as King Arthur, King Brute, King Fergus, King Log, or any fabled king who reigned in the fertile realm of tradition. Neither will we at all repine that the legends of these notable personages, together with the gallant band of chivalric knights of the post, should bear away the palm in this enlightened land, from such productions as Gertrude of Wyoming, and Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. However we may lament this direction of the public taste, and this unhappy disposition in our countrymen to admire the transcendent exploits of border heroism, rather than the simple and gentle graces of a most refined imagination, or the beautiful and affecting picture of a domestic catastrophe which laid our country in tears; still, it shall never be laid to our charge, that we found fault with that easiness of disposition which betrays her (though now of age to think for herself) into this ignominious servitude to foreign tastes and foreign opinions.

“On the whole,” as “my masters,” the English Reviewers, say, when they have lost sight of the book they are reviewing for at least two good hours—on the whole, we think Mr. Phillips occupies a pretty respectable rank in the list of those poets who have been most successful in imitating the multifarious rignarole style, and the matchless dexterity in note-making of the Great Master, both which combined undoubtedly constitute the perfection of the school of modern chivalry. We recommend him to the hospitality of our country, which seems not only the political, but the literary asylum of Europe, where all sorts of distressed poets, as well as patriots, find a welcome and a home. And we make this recommendation with the more confidence, as, notwithstanding its faults, we consider the present poem as one of the most remarkable ever written, for, though the writer is a Wild-Irishman, and the book all about Ireland, we have not been able, with all our industry, to detect a single substantial, incontestable bull! P.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

CAPTAIN JACOB JONES.

[We must apologize to the writer of the following article, for having omitted several passages of a political nature. We expressed our determination, on taking charge of this work, to conduct it without party bias; and that whatever political strictures it might contain, they should be merely of a national nature. However, therefore, we may coincide with the author in his opinions, he will perceive that we cannot, with any consistency, give them insertion. Besides, we consider the victories of our navy as so many subjects for national feeling, in the discussion of which the sordid animosities of party should give way to the nobler sentiment of patriotic exultation.]

JACOB JONES, Esq. of the United States navy, was born about the year 1770, near the village of Smyrna, in the county of Kent, state of Delaware. His father was an independent and respectable farmer, of excellent moral and religious character. His mother was of a good family of the name of Jones; an amiable and interesting woman; she died when the subject of this memoir was yet an in-

fant. Between two and three years afterwards his father married again, with a Miss Holt, granddaughter of the honourable Ryves Holt, formerly chief justice of the supreme court of Delaware; or, as it was then denominated, "The lower counties on Delaware." Shortly after this second marriage his father died, when this his only child was scarcely four years of age. It was the good fortune of our hero to be left under the care of a stepmother, who had all the kind feelings of a natural parent. The affection which this excellent woman had borne towards the father, was, on his death, transferred to the child. By her he was nurtured from infancy to manhood, with a truly maternal care and tenderness. At an early age he was placed at school, and his proficiency in learning was equal to her most anxious wishes. After becoming well acquainted with the general branches of an English education, he was transferred to a grammar school at Lewes in Sussex county, conducted by the learned and pious Dr. Matthew Wilson. Under his direction he read the classics with much assiduity, and became well acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages. The writer of this memoir distinctly remembers also, that in the geographical lessons he continually bore off the palm, and received, beyond all others, repeated proofs of approbation from his preceptor. At the age of eighteen he left Lewes Academy, and entered on the study of physic and surgery, under Dr. Sykes, an eminent physician and surgeon of Dover, in the county of Kent. With him he diligently prosecuted his studies for four years, after which he attended the usual courses of medical lectures of the University of Pennsylvania, and then returned to Dover to commence the exercise of his profession.

He did not, however, continue long in the practice. He found the field already engrossed by a number of able and experienced gentlemen of the faculty, among whom was the late lamented Dr. Miller of New-York. Discouraged by the scanty employment that is commonly the lot of the young physician, and impatient of an inactive life, he determined to abandon the profession for the present, and seek some more productive occupation. This resolution was a matter of much regret among the elder physicians. They entertained a high opinion of his medical acquirements, and considered him as promising to become a distinguished and skilful mem-

ber of their body. Governor Clayton (who was himself an eminent physician) seeing that he was fixed in his determination, conferred upon him the clerkship of the supreme court of the state of Delaware, for the county of Kent.

In this office he continued for some time, but the sedentary nature of its duties was uncongenial with his health and habits; he longed to mingle in more active scenes, and possessed that ardent spirit of enterprise that can never rest contented with the tranquil ease of common life. With a certain bravery of resolution, therefore, or rather a noble unconcern, he turned his back upon the comforts and emoluments of office; and resolved upon a measure, as indicative of the force of his character, as it was decisive of his future fortunes. This was to enter as a midshipman into the service of his country, in the year 1799, when menaced with a war with France.

He was at this time almost twenty-nine years of age, highly respected for the solidity of his understanding and his varied acquirements; it may readily be imagined, therefore, how greatly his friends were dissatisfied at seeing him in a manner taking a retrograde step in life, entering upon that tedious probation which the naval service peculiarly requires, and accepting a grade which is generally allotted to boys and striplings. It was in vain, however, to remonstrate against a resolution, which, once formed, never vibrated. Jones had determined on embracing the profession; he had weighed all the peculiar inconveniences and sacrifices incident to his determination, and had made up his mind to encounter and surmount them all. His friends could only console themselves with the reflection, that, if courage, activity and hardihood could ensure naval success, Jones was peculiarly fitted for the life he had adopted; and it is probable they felt some degree of admiration for that decision of character, which, in the pursuit of what he conceived a laudable object, could enable him to make such large sacrifices of personal pride and convenience.

The first cruises which he made in his new capacity were under the father of our infant navy, the late Commodore Barry, from whom he derived great instruction in the theory and practice of his profession, and experienced the utmost kindness and civility. He was a midshipman on board the frigate *United States*, when

she bore to France Chief Justice Ellsworth and General Davie, as envoys extraordinary to the French Republic. He was next on board of the *Ganges*, as midshipman, and during the whole intervening period between his appointment and the war with Tripoli, he was sedulously employed in obtaining that nautical skill for which he at present is celebrated.

On the breaking out of the war with Tripoli, he was stationed on board of the frigate *Philadelphia*, under the command of the gallant Bainbridge. The disaster which befel that ship and her crew before Tripoli, forms a solemn page in our naval history; atoned for, however, by the brilliant achievements to which it gave rise. Twenty months of severe captivity among a barbarous people, and in a noxious climate, neither broke the spirit nor impaired the constitution of our hero. Blest by nature with vigorous health and an invincible resolution, when relieved from bondage by the bravery of his countrymen, he returned home full of life and ardour. He was soon after promoted to a lieutenancy. This grade he had merited before his confinement in Tripoli, but older warrant officers had stood in the way of his preferment.

He was now for some time employed on the Orleans station, where he conducted himself with his usual judgment and propriety, and was a favourite in the polite circles of the Orleans and Mississippi Territories. He was shortly after appointed to the command of the brig *Argus*, stationed for the protection of our commerce on the southern maritime frontier. In this situation he acted with vigilance and fidelity, and though there were at one time insidious suggestions to the contrary, it has appeared that he conformed to his instructions, promoted the public interest, and gave entire satisfaction to the government.

In 1811, Capt. Jones was transferred by the secretary of the navy to the command of the sloop of war the *Wasp*, mounting eighteen twenty-four pound carronades, and was despatched, in the spring of 1812, with communications from our government to its functionaries at the courts of St. Cloud and St. James. Before he returned from this voyage, war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain. Capt. Jones refitted his ship with all possible despatch, and repaired to sea on a cruise, in which he met with no other luck than the capture of an inconsiderable prize.—

He again put to sea on the 13th of October last, and on the 18th of the month, after a long and heavy gale, he fell in with a number of strongly armed merchantmen under convoy of his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war the *Frolic*, Capt. Whinyates.

As this engagement has been one of the most decidedly honourable to the American flag, from the superior force of the enemy; and as the British writers, in endeavouring to account for our successes, and to undervalue our victories, have studiously passed this battle over in silence, and seemed anxious to elbow it into oblivion, we shall take this occasion to republish a full and particular account of it, which has already appeared in the *Port Folio*, and which we have reason to believe is scrupulously correct.

“ There was a heavy swell in the sea, and the weather was boisterous. The topgallant yards of the *Wasp* were taken down, her topsails were close reefed, and she was prepared for action. About 11 o'clock the *Frolic* showed Spanish colours, and the *Wasp*, immediately, displayed the American ensign and pendant. At thirty-two minutes past eleven, the *Wasp* came down to windward on her larboard side, within about sixty yards, and hailed. The enemy haled down the Spanish colours, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry. This the *Wasp* instantly returned; and coming nearer to the enemy, the action became close, and without intermission. In four or five minutes the maintopmast of the *Wasp* was shot away, and, falling down with the maintopsail yard across the larboard fore and fore-topsail braces, rendered her head yards unmanageable during the rest of the action. In two or three minutes more her gaff and mizen-topgallantsail were shot away. Still she continued a close and constant fire. The sea was so rough that the muzzles of the *Wasp's* guns were frequently in the water. The Americans, therefore, fired as the ship's side was going down, so that their shot went either on the enemy's deck or below it, while the English fired as the vessel rose, and thus her balls chiefly touched the rigging or were thrown away. The *Wasp* now shot ahead of the *Frolic*, raked her, and then resumed her position on her larboard bow. Her fire was now obviously attended with such success, and that of the *Frolic* so slackened, that Capt. Jones did not wish to board her, lest the roughness of the sea might endanger

both vessels; but in the course of a few minutes more every brace of the Wasp was shot away, and her rigging so much torn to pieces, that he was afraid that his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and the Frolic be able to escape. He thought, therefore, the best chance of securing her was to board, and decide the contest at once. With this view he wore ship, and running down upon the enemy, the vessels struck each other, the Wasp's side rubbing along the Frolic's bow so that her jib-boom came in between the main and mizen rigging of the Wasp, directly over the heads of Capt. Jones and the first lieutenant, Mr. Biddle, who were at that moment standing together near the capstan. The Frolic lay so fair for raking, that they decided not to board until they had given a closing broadside. Whilst they were loading for this, so near were the two vessels, that the rammers of the Wasp were pushed against the Frolic's sides, and two of her guns went through the bow ports of the Frolic, and swept the whole length of her deck. At this moment, Jack Lang,* a seaman of the Wasp, a gallant fellow who had been once impressed by a British man of war, jumped on a gun with his cutlass, and was springing on board the Frolic: Capt. Jones, wishing to fire again before boarding, called him down, but his impetuosity could not be restrained, and he was already on the bowsprit of the Frolic; when, seeing the ardour and enthusiasm of the Wasp's crew, Lieutenant Biddle mounted on the hammock cloth to board. At this signal the crew followed, but Lieutenant Biddle's feet got entangled in the rigging of the enemy's bowsprit, and Midshipman Baker, in his ardour to get on board, laying hold of his coat, he fell back on the Wasp's deck. He sprang up, and as the next swell of the sea brought the Frolic nearer, he got on her bowsprit, where Lang and another seaman were already. He passed them on the forecastle and was surprised at seeing not a single man alive on the Frolic's deck, except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was slippery with blood, and strewed with the bodies of the dead. As he went forward, the captain of the Frolic,

* John Lang is a native of New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey. We mention, with great pleasure, the name of this brave American seaman, as a proof that conspicuous valour is confined to no rank in the naval service.

with two other officers, who were standing on the quarter deck, threw down their swords, and made an inclination of their bodies, denoting that they had surrendered. At this moment the colours were still flying, as, probably, none of the seamen of the *Frolic* would dare to go into the rigging for fear of the musketry of the *Wasp*. Lieutenant Biddle, therefore, jumped into the rigging himself and haled down the British ensign, and possession was taken of the *Frolic* in forty-three minutes after the first fire. She was in a shocking condition; the birth-deck, particularly, was crowded with dead, and wounded, and dying; there being but a small proportion of the *Frolic*'s crew who had escaped. Captain Jones instantly sent on board his surgeon's mate, and all the blankets of the *Frolic* were brought from her slop-room for the comfort of the wounded. To increase this confusion, both the *Frolic*'s masts soon fell, covering the dead and every thing on deck, and she lay a complete wreck.

It now appeared that the *Frolic* mounted sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, four twelve-pounders on the main-deck, and two twelve-pound carronades. She was, therefore, superior to the *Wasp*, by exactly four twelve-pounders. The number of men on board, as stated by the officers of the *Frolic*, was one hundred and ten—the number of seamen on board the *Wasp* was one hundred and two; but it could not be ascertained, whether in this one hundred and ten, were included the marines and officers; for the *Wasp* had besides her one hundred and two men, officers and marines, making the whole crew about one hundred and thirty-five. What is, however, decisive, as to their comparative force is, that the officers of the *Frolic* acknowledged that they had as many men as they knew what to do with, and in fact the *Wasp* could have spared fifteen men. There was, therefore, on the most favourable view, at least an equality of men, and an inequality of four guns. The disparity of loss was much greater. The exact number of killed and wounded on board the *Frolic* could not be precisely determined; but from the observations of our officers, and the declarations of those of the *Frolic*, the number could not be less than about thirty killed, including two officers, and of the wounded between forty and fifty; the captain and

second lieutenant being of the number. The Wasp had five men killed and five slightly wounded.

All hands were now employed in clearing the deck, burying the dead, and taking care of the wounded, when Captain Jones sent orders to Lieutenant Biddle to proceed to Charleston, or any southern port of the United States; and, as there was a suspicious sail to windward, the Wasp would continue her cruise. The ships then parted. The suspicious sail was now coming down very fast. At first it was supposed that she was one of the convoy, who had all fled during the engagement, and who now came for the purpose of attacking the prize. The guns of the Frolic were therefore loaded, and the ship cleared for action; but the enemy, as she advanced, proved to be a seventy-four—the Poitiers, Capt. Beresford. She fired a shot over the Frolic; passed her; overtook the Wasp, the disabled state of whose rigging prevented her from escaping; and then returned to the Frolic, who could of course make no resistance. The Wasp and Frolic were carried into Bermuda.”

On the return of Capt. Jones to the United States, he was everywhere received with the utmost demonstrations of gratitude and admiration. Brilliant entertainments were given him in the cities through which he passed. The legislature of his native state appointed a committee to wait on him with their thanks, and to express the “pride and pleasure” they felt in recognising him as a native of their state: in the same resolution they voted him an elegant piece of plate, with appropriate engravings. The congress of the United States, on motion of Mr. J. A. Bayard, of Delaware, appropriated 25,000 dollars, as a compensation to Capt. Jones and his crew, for the loss they sustained by the recapture of the Frolic. They also ordered a gold medal to be presented to the captain, and a silver one to each of his officers.

Various other marks of honour have been paid by the legislatures, and the citizens of different states, which it would be superfluous to enumerate; but the most substantial testimony of approbation which he has received, is the appointment to the command of the frigate Macedonian, lately captured from the British.

Capt. Jones is about the middle size, of an active mind and vigorous make, and an excellent constitution, capable of the utmost

vigilance and fatigue. Naturally and habitually temperate himself, he is a great promoter of temperance among his crew; and has been successful in reclaiming many a valuable seaman from the pernicious habits of intoxication.

He is now in what may be considered the most critical command in our service; having charge of a ship, the recovery of which will be one of the most anxious objects of the British navy, and which will call forth the most implacable contest on either side. But in the courage, judgment and skill of Capt. Jones, we place the most implicit confidence, and are satisfied, that whatever fortune may befall him, he will always sustain his own high reputation and the honour of the American flag.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

RETREAT OF THE FRENCH.

[From a pamphlet originally published in Russia.]

ABOUT November 1, the severity of the cold weather began, and brought additional misery upon the French army ; to *bivouack* upon ice and snow, without other food than frozen horse-flesh, without any kind of strengthening beverage, and without proper clothing, was more than human strength could endure. Many hundreds were every night frozen to death, and an equal number died of complete exhaustion by day ; a line of dead bodies marked the road which the army was pursuing. Whole detachments now threw down their arms together ; order and discipline had altogether ceased ; the soldier cared no longer for the officer, nor the officer for the soldier ; each was so completely engaged with his own wants and sufferings, that he disregarded those of others, and would neither command nor obey. The different regiments were intermixed, and, as they moved, had the appearance of a motley mass, in which the different corps could only be distinguished by the difference of the columns appropriated to the baggage and baggage-wagons ; and these were at every instant attacked on either side by predatory parties of Cossacks. Want of precaution had been so great at the very beginning of the retreat, *that the horses had not even been rough shod at Moscow to secure them in case of frost ;** so that being already reduced in point of strength, they were wholly unequal to the exertion of drawing upon slippery roads ; twelve or fourteen were harnessed to a single cannon, and yet the smallest rise of ground was an almost insurmountable obstacle. The cavalry had no longer any horses to spare, being itself dismounted, with the exception of a few regiments of the guards ; and it therefore soon became utterly impossible to bring on the artillery. At Dorogobush the fourth corps left the whole of its artillery behind, consisting of upwards of one hundred pieces of ordnance ; and the same was done by the first and third corps ; so that the army, upon reaching Smolensko, had already lost about four hundred pieces of cannon. The French force, which, on leaving Moscow, was more than one hundred

* A neglect, equally criminal and fatal, cost the British army its horses in the retreat to Corunna.

thousand strong, had at Smolensko hardly sixty thousand men left, of which number scarcely half were under arms.

Never, surely, was the apothegm of the sagacious Franklin on the neglect of small matters more completely verified, than in the omission of properly shoeing the horses at Moscow. "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; for want of a horse, the rider was lost;—being overtaken, and slain by the enemy."

The army remained in Smolensko two days, which were one continued scene of confusion, plunder and conflagration. The magazines that were found there were of no great resource: for the share that was distributed to each man as a supply for several days, was at once devoured by the famished wretches, although the rations were not given in bread, but in meal. Many thousands indeed went away altogether unsupplied, each in the general struggle being obliged to obtain by force the portion that was allotted to him. A day had also been fixed for distributing ammunition; but few soldiers appeared at the appointed time to receive it.

We advance now to the crossing of the Beresina, which is thus described:

This crossing of the Beresina will long remain in the recollection of the soldiers, on account of the terror with which it was attended. The troops, from the first moment, crowded upon each other in the most disorderly manner, and many, even then, met with a watery grave: but when the corps of Victor and Dombrowsky, being repulsed by the Russian armies, directed their flight to the bridge, confusion and terror increased, and were soon at their highest pitch. Cavalry, infantry, baggage and artillery struggled respectively to pass over the first. The weaker were forced into the river by the stronger, whose progress they impeded, or were trampled under foot: officers and privates met with the same fate: hundreds were crushed under the wheels of the artillery-train: many attempted to swim but were benumbed in the attempt; and others again trusting to the broken sheet of ice that covered the stream were drowned: the cry of distress was heard on all sides, but relief was nowhere given. At length, when the Russian batteries began to cannonade the bridge and both banks of the river, the crossing necessarily ceased, and a whole division of Victor's corps, consisting of seven thousand five hundred men, together with five generals, capitulated. Many thousands were drowned, and an equal number killed; besides which, much baggage and cannon remained on the left bank.

About 40,000 men, together with a body of artillery, still tolerably considerable, had crossed the Beresina; but to what a miserable state was this force reduced!

Another severe frost completed the measure of their sufferings: arms were now thrown down in all directions: the greater number of soldiers had neither boots nor shoes; but were compelled to make use of old hats and knapsacks, or any other kind of covering to fasten round their feet. Round their heads and shoulders they wrapped whatever first offered itself, and might serve as an additional protection against the cold, old sacks, straw mats half torn, and hides of animals recently skinned; [dresses of the women peasants, priests' dresses, &c.] fortunate were the few who succeeded in providing themselves with a bit of fur. With downcast looks, and every other mark of dejection, both officers and soldiers moved slowly on together in mute dismay; and even the guards were in no way superior to, or distinguishable from, the rest: they were equally tattered, famished and unarmed. All spirit of resistance and defence had ceased. At the mere cry of *Cossacks!* whole columns surrendered, and a few of these were often sufficient to take many hundred prisoners. The road which the army followed was covered with dead bodies, and every bivouack appeared next morning like a field of battle. No sooner was a man fallen to the ground, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, than those who stood next to him, stripped him while yet alive to cover themselves with his rags. Every house and barn was set on fire: and wherever a conflagration had taken place, there also was found a pile of dead bodies, those who had approached the fire to warm themselves, having afterwards, from extreme weakness, been unable to escape from the flames. The highroad swarmed with prisoners, who almost ceased to be taken notice of, and scenes of distress occurred, such as had never before been witnessed. Wretches black with smoke and filth of every kind, crawled like ghosts among the dead bodies of their fellow soldiers, till they themselves dropped and expired. Many hobbled on with bare and gangrened feet, almost deprived of reason; and others again had lost the use of speech, or, from the extreme severity of cold and famine, were driven to a kind of delirium which made them roast and devour corpses, or even gnaw their own hands and arms. Some were so helpless as not to be able to gather fuel, but collected round any little fire that might remain, sitting upon piles of the bodies of their comrades, and died as the last spark went out. Reduced to a state of complete senselessness, many were seen crawling into the fire and burnt to death in endeavouring to warm themselves, while others, notwithstanding the example, crawled in after them and met with a similar fate.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

[By J. N. Brewer.]

I LATELY inspected the genuine will of Shakspeare, which is preserved in Doctors' Commons. A fervent admirer of the bard must needs behold the last stroke of his inspired pen with a feeling of respect approaching to awe! His named is signed in three places; and it was with reverential grief that I observed his weakness and extremity of distress to have evidently increased in the short time required for these three signatures. His hand trembled at the first; when he came to the second, the pauses occasioned by lassitude or anguish would appear to be perceptible, from the tremulous breaks in the writing. When his name was to be signed for the last time; when the pen, gifted with powers to instruct and delight all succeeding ages, was to make its last, lingering mark; the spirit of Shakspeare, and all his incalculable energies, appear to have been subdued! The name is almost indistinct, and the eye which guided the hand in its melancholy office seems to have been filmed.

The orthography used by Shakspeare in this instance, of course, prescribes the mode in which his name is to be spelt; yet many learned commentators have erroneously used the *e* final in regard to the first syllable of the word. The way in which his name was pronounced during his life may be learned from an inspection of his will. The notary (who had been called hastily to the performance of his duty) had no opportunity of correction, and he spelt the name of his immortal client from the recollection of accustomed *orthoëpy* alone, Shackspeare.

I presume that I am correct in asserting the signature of the will to be the only specimen extant of Shakspeare's handwriting.

 CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT OF POPE.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

SIR,

LOOKING over some loose numbers of the Daily Post, I found the following singular advertisement, and copied it off for the perusal and amusement of your readers.

"Daily Post, June 14, 1728.

"Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of a 'Popp upon Pope,' insinuating that I

was whipped in Ham Walks on Thursday last; this is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham, and that the same is a malicious and ill grounded report.

“ALEXANDER POPE.”

Who the person was that was insinuated to have whipped the poet, I have never heard; but the fact of such an advertisement appearing is another proof, if another were wanting, of the morbid irritability of his character. Would any other man have thought it necessary to repel a charge of being whipped. The only excuse is, that his diminutive and feeble person rendered such a transaction not impossible.

Sir, your obedient servant,
X.

ARMED SKELETON.

SOME workmen, while digging lately in an old castle in the Canton of Argovia, (Switzerland,) came to a vault in which was deposited a coffin, containing the skeleton of a knight in full armour—in one hand he held a dagger, and in the other a sword. At his feet was placed a cross and a Turkish sabre. From the inscription, it appears that he had commanded in the crusade led by Peter the Hermit.

POETRY.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

By Lord Byron.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain:
I would not say "I love," but still
My senses struggle with my will;
In vain to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more repress:
In vain I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies;
Perhaps this is not love, but yet
Our meeting I can ne'er forget:
What though we never silence broke,
Our eyes in sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering language dead,
And tells a tale it never feels;
Deceit the guilty lips impart,
And hush the mandates of the heart;
But souls' interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise;
As thus our glances oft conversed,
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,
No spirit from within reprieved us,
Say rather 'twas the spirit moved us.
Though what they uttered I repress,
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess;
For as on thee my memory ponders,
Perchance to me thine also wanders.
Thus for myself at least I'll say,
Thy form appears through night, through day;
Awake, with it my fancy teems,
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray
For breaking slumbers of delight,
Which makes me wish for endless night.
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await,
Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image I can ne'er forget.
Alas, again no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat;
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,
The dictates of my bosom's care:
— May Heaven so guard my lovely Quaker,
That anguish ne'er may overtake her,
But blessed be eye her heart's partaker.
Oh, may the happy mortal fated
To be by dearest ties related,
For her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover!
May that fair bosom never know,
What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
Which stings the soul with vain regrets,
Of him who never can forget.

THIS IS NOT LOVE.

I.

"YOU ask me why unseen I stray,
 And waste the solitary day;
 Why far my wandering path extends,
 From mirth, and books, and home, and friends;
 You tell me Love alone can bind
 Such fetters round the yielding mind:
 Ah! no; this heart doth know
 No joys like Love.

II.

"Far from the vulgar ken I fly,
 To muse on Her averted eye;
 I turn from friends to think how She
 Has turned her altered cheek from me;
 Mirth, books, and home—ah! how can these
 The bosom's secret pang appease!
 Go, go; I do not show
 One sign of Love.

III.

"It is not Love to chill and glow
 Like wintry suns on beds of snow;
 To chase the stifled sigh with fear;
 To dry before it fall the tear;
 And, last sad victory of Pride,
 In smiles this inward strife to hide.
 Ah! no; this cannot flow
 From any Love.

IV.

"'Tis Love to loosen Rapture's rein,
 And dream of all that might have been;
 Give Fancy's eye unbounded scope,
 Outstrip the fleetest wings of hope;
 Still fail, and still the course pursue,
 And deem each wish of Passion true.
 If so, this heart would know
 A genuine Love.

V.

"Mine is not Love; this breast has bled
 Till every finer sense is dead;
 Mine is the craving bosom's void,
 The joyless heart, and unenjoyed,
 Engrossed by selfishness alone,
 As weeds o'ershade the desert stone.
 Ah! no; full well I know
 I cannot Love."

ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

By J. Connor.

BLEST spirit of my sainted friend,
 Which, in this vale of misery,
 So oft with mine was wont to blend,
 With all an angel's sympathy;
 Bending from Heaven's exalted sphere,
 Ah deign again my voice to hear.

When gloomy Sorrow gives her tear,
 Deep o'er my darkened eye to roll,
 O then, as thou didst oft, appear
 To tranquillize my troubled soul;
 For soon as I perceive thee nigh
 I know the shades of grief will fly.

When, as calm evening o'er the bowers,
 From golden clouds her dew doth shed,
 I cull the loveliest, sweetest flowers,
 And, weeping, wreath them round thy bed;
 O then, light hovering o'er the soil,
 With smiles of love reward my toil.

And, when my voice and lyre combine
 To swell the vesper hymn of praise,
 O let me hear thy harp divine,
 That sounds on high to Zion's lays;
 And through the silent air, my song
 In strains of sweeter tone prolong.

When on thy monumental stone
 I lean, and mourn in accents low,
 Whilst o'er the church-yard still and lone,
 The watchful stars of midnight glow;
 O then on Pity's wing descend,
 To whisper comfort to thy friend.

And let me hear thee softly say,
 "Repress those tears, and hush that sigh,
 "Soon will arrive the happy day,
 "When here by mine thy dust will lie;
 "Then in the beams of endless light,
 "Our blissful spirits will unite."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Europe is about to be presented with all the science of the Arabians, in grammar, rhetoric, and logic, in some translations from the elementary books of the east, by Lieutenant Lockett, assistant secretary in the college at Fort William. The three sciences will fill a quarto of five hundred pages.

Thomas Myers, A. M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, author of a Compendious System of Modern Geography, historical, physical, political, and descriptive, intends soon to publish, elegantly printed on a large sheet, a Statistical Table of Europe, uniting all that is most interesting in the geography of that distinguished quarter of the globe, and showing at one view the territorial extent, the military strength, and the commercial importance of each state.

Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, is about to publish a Treatise on New Philosophical Instruments for various purposes in the arts and sciences, with Experiments on light and colours, in one volume 8vo. with twelve plates.

Mr. Thomas Forster has now in press Meteorological Researches and Journals, with engravings, 8vo.

Dr. Wollaston has read to the Royal Society of London, a description of his newly invented single lens micrometer. This instrument is made like a common telescope, but the focus of the lens is only 1-12th of an inch: this glass is placed behind a brass plate, through the centre of which an eye-hole is drilled; the subjects to be viewed are placed between glasses serving as object glasses, and the measure of the magnifying powers and of the subjects examined is taken by means of a certain number of wires fixed near the object glasses. The measure and number of the wires being determined, the objects may be extended to such distances as to give their dimensions by making a wire the two hundredth part of an inch to cover them. The description was illustrated by designs of the micrometer, which the author adopted in consequence of his experiments on drawing very fine wires, some of which did not exceed the thirty thousandth part of an inch; but they were incapable of supporting themselves at this fineness, and were broken in very short pieces. He found wires, 18,000 of which covered an inch, to be the finest and strongest for any useful purpose.

A paper by Dr. Pearson, on the tinging matter of the bronchial glands of the lungs, and on the black, or tinging matter of the lungs themselves, was read. From his researches it appears that this black matter is principally charcoal in an uncombined state, or, at least, that it is only intimately mixed with a small portion of animal matter. He conceives that it is derived from the atmosphere in breathing; that it is first conveyed into the air-tubes, and from them, by means of the numerous lymphatics, into the bronchial glands, and, therefore, that it is not a secreted substance. This subject being so novel, Dr. Pearson declined entering into much reasoning, or drawing many conclusions until more facts are brought to light.

Mr. Carmichael of Dublin has made several ingenious experiments, and conclusions respecting the electric fluids, considered as different compounds of the solar rays.

Professor Berzelius continues his experiments upon the combinations of metals with sulphur and oxygen, with a view of ascertaining the truth of Sir H. Davy's theory of definite proportions.

The dispute between Mr. Murray, Lecturer on Chymistry, in Edinburgh, and Sir H. Davy, on the subject of the existence of water in muriatic acid gas, still remains undecided.

The claims of Zerah Colburn, the American boy, to extraordinary talents, and originality of discovery, have been denied by several English mathematicians, but successfully defended by others; they both agree in the discovery that his mode of extracting the square and cube root depends merely on the two first and two last figures of the number.

Madame Perpentti has succeeded in the manufacture of incombustible cloth and paper, from Asbestos, in the manner of the ancients.

Mr. Fournay has shown by experiment that the clay pyrometers of Wedgewood, however accurately made, and uniform as to the composition and mode of mixture of the ingredients, cannot be trusted to as a faithful standard of measurement of every degree of heat.

Dr. Brewster has been for some time employed in experiments on the properties of light, more particularly on the effects produced upon it by such bodies as possess a double refractive power.

Mr. Clarke's dissertations on the foot of the living horse promises to be of use to the world in leading the way to some inquiries into some new mode of guarding the hoof of that noble animal, whose life is now shortened one half by the pernicious and cruel practice of shoeing with iron at an early period. The horse, by the law which all the irrational animals appear to observe, should live from 40 to 50 years.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A valuable discovery has been made by some German travellers in the Isle of Egina, under the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. They have found 18 marble statues, nearly as large as life, and in the most antique Greek style. They had been placed on the pediment of the temple, and may be easily restored. Several interesting fragments have also been found, by digging in the same place; and on clearing away the rubbish, the pavement of the temple was discovered in perfect preservation. The French consul at Athens, M. Fauvel, having been informed of this discovery, immediately repaired to the place. He is in possession of a truly valuable collection of antiques, which is every day augmented by new researches. Among these are a great number of cinerary urns, in each of which was found an obolus. One of them is the boat of Charon. The statues above mentioned represent different heroes of the Trojan war.

The Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds are preparing for publication by James Northcote, R. A. and will contain a number of original anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, and other distinguished characters with whom he had intercourse and connexion.

A third volume of Dr. Clarke's Travels is in preparation, forming the Second Section of the Travels in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and completing the Second Part of the whole work, according to the plan originally proposed by the author. It will contain his Voyage up the Nile to Grand Cairo; his Observations upon the Pyramids of Djiza and Saccara; a Description of the Remains of the City of Sais, in the Delta; an account of the Antiquities of Alexandria, particularly of Pompey's Pillar and the Cryptæ of Necropolis; and his subsequent voyage and travels in Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, &c.

Letters from the Mediterranean, by Edward Blaquiére, Esq. will shortly be published, comprising a particular account of Sicily, Tripoly, Tunis, and Malta, with biographical sketches of various public characters.

The Memoirs of Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre, the first wife of Henry IV. of France, containing the secret history of the court of France, from 1565 to 1582, during the reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III. including a full account of the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day; written by herself in a series of letters, and translated from the French, with a preface and notes by the translator, will appear in the ensuing month.

Speedily will be published,

Translations from the Anthologies, by the Rev. Mr. Bland, 8vo.

Don Quixotte, splendidly embellished from pictures by Mr. Smirke.

Mr. Playfair's Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth.

Account of the Russian Embassy to Japan.

A new edition of Mr. Turnbull's Voyage round the World, forming a supplemental volume to the Voyages of Cook, King, and Vancouver. To which will be added, from a manuscript never before made public, some account of the Voyage of the Geographe and Naturaliste, the two French ships lately sent out on discovery by Buonaparte.